THE LIVING AGE.

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SONG.

The moon is up: the stars are bright:
  The wind is fresh and free!
We're out to seek for gold to-night
  Across the silver sea!
The world was growing gray and old:
  Break out the sails again!
We're out to seek a Realm of Gold
  Beyond the Spanish Main.

We're sick of all the cringing knees,
  The courtly smiles and lies!
God, let Thy singing Channel breeze
  Lighten our hearts and eyes!
Let love no more be bought and sold
  For earthly loss or gain:
We're out to seek an Age of Gold
  Beyond the Spanish Main.

Beyond the light of far Cathay,
  Beyond all mortal dreams,
Beyond the reach of night and day
  Our Eldorado gleams,
Revealing—as the skies unfold—
  A star without a stain,
The Glory of the Gates of Gold
  Beyond the Spanish Main.

Alfred Noyes.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE COMPANION.

O Sorrow, thou and I are ancient friends,
I was as young and hopeful as the Spring
When first through chill and mossy paths she wends,
Where dying snows still weep their fallen king.
With her I stood beside the greening banks,
And felt the stir of things that wake from sleep,
The little clouds rolled softly through the skies;
I longed to give God thanks,
But as I stretched mine arms to His blue deep,
Lo! thou between the sweet Heav'ns and mine eyes.

Later I walked in gardens hung beside
A glittering sea—O gardens of delight!
Where roses filled the golden day with pride,
And music smote the still and passionate night.
When light winds rustled in the orange boughs,
Came Love so smiling-strong, so careless-sweet,
And through the blossoms stretched his hands for mine,
I saw his fair straight brows,
But as I sprang his ardent lips to meet,
I felt thy touch and saw no face but thine.

I hate thee not, poor friend, for well I know
Thou dost but lead me, faithful guide and wise,
To some far door thyself may'st not pass through
Where I shall leave thee with thy yearning eyes.
Yet it may be, when all is ended here,
The veil shall slip from thee, and in that light
Thy sad weeds change to amaranth and gold,
And thou at last appear,
Thine earthly mission done, an angel bright
Star-crowned, more fair than mortals may behold.

Frances Nicholson.

The Outlook.

DESIRE SINGS.

"If only I were the Sky,
What days would be thine!
No more than thou wouldst of a kind,
Whether sunshine, or shower, or wind!
If the Heavens above thee were I,
How the stars would shine!
What a friend the moon would be
To guard or companion thee!

Thy days thou shouldst fill like a rill
That has found the best
Of seaward paths, and gay
Takes bedded in flowers its way.
Were mine but the life of a hill:
But were I the West,
Thou shouldst sink all beauty and light
Home to my heart every night."

T. Sturge Moore.

THE EDUCATION BILL.

III.

The proposals embodied in the Education Bill introduced by Mr. Birrell have accomplished what might have been thought impossible. With such insignificant exceptions as the Bishop of Hereford, Canon Henley Henson, and the Dean of Ripon, who are known to speak only for themselves, Mr. Birrell has succeeded in bringing together all sections of the Church of England as they have never been brought together before. He has united the members of the Church of England and the members of the Roman Communion in a common determination to resist by every means in their power proposals as unjust in themselves, as they are fatal to the cause of Christian education. He has exhibited the denouncers of all established forms of religion as the supporters of a scheme which is nothing else than the establishment and endowment of "Dissent." And he has made it patent to all the world how willing the Nonconformist conscience is to impose upon others, only in a far more conspicuous and aggravated degree, the precise grievance of which it has itself complained. It has been the complaint of Nonconformists, the plea of Passive Resisters, that under the Education Act of 1901-2 denominational schools, whether belonging to the Church of England or to the Roman Catholic body, have been able to obtain a portion of the education rate: they are now proposing to remedy that grievance by taking possession of the whole of the education rate for themselves.

Who would have expected to see the advocates of the individualistic view of religion in its most extreme shape, urgent that County Councils should determine the form of religious teaching to be given in all schools? Who would have expected to hear Dr. Clifford blessing a measure which is admittedly based on the principle that the rights of minorities need not be considered? Who would have anticipated that the reading of the Bible for merely moral and ethical purposes should be advocated by those who boast that "the Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants"? Who could ever have supposed that he should live to see the day when the teaching of the New Testament, or, for that matter, the explanation of the Old, should be considered a proper subject to confide to a Jew or an unbeliever by any one calling himself a Christian, or when it would be thought consistent with elementary common sense to entrust religious instruction to a teacher without first ascertaining whether that teacher was competent to give it? Who would have expected to see the great mass of Nonconformists endeavoring to impose on Churchmen in regard to the religious teaching in schools the precise grievance, *mutatis mutandis*, only in an aggravated form, of which they had complained so bitterly, and for so long, when they had to pay Church rates? Yet these things are undisputed facts, and they owe their existence to, or have been made patent to the world by, Mr. Birrell's Bill. That Mr. Birrell himself should not be aware of the nature of the proposals he has introduced is impossible, that with his antecedents he can altogether approve of them is inconceivable. That he personally would be willing to see them radically altered

is very possible. But however these things may be, what is certain is that he has made himself responsible for a measure which cannot be carried without a violent and prolonged struggle, and which, should it *per impossibile* be carried in Parliament in anything like its present shape, will be the signal for a bitter strife and the most determined resistance throughout the whole country.

The Bill professes to be a measure for the extension of education, it is in reality an attempt to settle the religious difficulty; as such it is a failure, and a disastrous failure. The one thing certain about it is that its proposals do not bring peace but a sword. Mr. Birrell will no doubt have anticipated the hostility with which the members of the Church of England and the whole of the Roman Catholic body would meet his proposals. Has he calculated on the extent of that hostility? He admits to have learnt something as to the feeling of parents about the religious instruction to be given to their children; he will find, if those who care about definite religious education in the Creeds of Christendom as the one thing needful are driven into a corner, that he will have to deal with opponents who will never rest till they have secured their object. "That object," as has been well said, is "justice. We do not ask for mercy or magnanimity, but simply for that to which every man is entitled in so paramount and tremendous a matter as the faith of his children."

What are the main provisions of the Bill?

No school is in future to be recognized as a public elementary school unless it is a school provided by the local educational authority; that is to say, as Mr. Birrell explains, that on and after the date fixed by the Act, no elementary school shall receive a penny of public money either from rates or taxes unless it becomes a provided school. In all such schools—that is, in all the future public elementary schools of the country—the teachers are to be appointed by the local educational authority, no inquiry is to be made as to their fitness for imparting religious instruction, and such religious instruction is limited to School Board or Council religion, and may not be given in school hours.

Such are, speaking broadly, the general provisions of the Bill as they affect the religious education to be given in all public elementary schools. Those provisions destroy all the denominational schools at one blow, for the limited facilities given in the two exceptional cases specified by the Bill, where denominational religious teaching in what have hitherto been Church schools may be continued on certain conditions, do not affect the general character and purport of the measure, and apply only to existing schools. Any new school opened after the passing of the Bill would be outside their scope.

The Bill is in fact a measure for the establishment, on the ruins of all the schools belonging to the Church of England and to the Roman Catholic body, and on those of many of the schools built by the Wesleyans, of undenominational religion to the exclusion of any other. In other words it is a Bill for the establishment and endowment of Dissent.

Dr. Clifford has told us that, when one or two features which he does not like have been removed from the Bill, it will work smoothly. He must know very little of the force of real religious conviction if he thinks anything of the kind. He has himself given the country a lesson in resistance, which will not be lost upon it. In estimating the duty of such resistance, it will be worth while to consider in detail how the Bill will affect (1) schools belonging to the Church of England (2) schools belong-

ing to the Roman Catholic body, and it will be convenient to consider both classes of schools together, for the case of schools belonging to the Church of England and to the Roman Catholic body is, so far as the provisions of the Bill are concerned, for all practical purposes identical.

What will be the case of Church schools and of Roman Catholic schools under the Bill? The choice offered to the owners and authorities of such schools, who in most cases have spent large sums upon them at the direct invitation of the State, is either to surrender their schools to the local authorities, or to see them starved out of existence. In the case of the Roman Catholics, if they refuse to give up their schools and insist that Roman Catholic children shall be taught by Roman Catholic teachers, they are—and the same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, applies to the schools of the Church of England—to receive no public money either by way of grant or out of the rates. Both they and the members of the Church of England under such circumstances are to be treated as a people apart; they are to be rated and taxed to pay for other people's schools, and then left to support their own as best they can.

Roman Catholics in old days, before Catholic emancipation, had, amidst other injustices, to pay a double land tax, avowedly because they were Catholics; but under the new penal law, for that is what this Education Bill is, both they and the members of the Church of England will have to pay much more than a double education tax. On the other hand, if *per impossibile* the Roman Catholic authorities should decide to accept the alternative of surrender to the local authorities, what will be the position of their schools? In that case, as in the case of the Church of England, the teachers will be appointed by the local authorities, who must not apply any religious test; that is to say that there will be no guarantee that non-Catholic teachers may not be appointed in Catholic schools, Agnostic, Nonconformist, and even Jewish teachers in Church of England schools. Further, if a Roman Catholic school or a school belonging to the Church of England be transferred to the local authority, the foundation's managers disappear at once. The surrendered school comes automatically under the control of a body of managers appointed partly by the County Council and partly by the parochial council. In other words, while the teachers in these surrendered schools may be of any religion or none, the management of the school—the example of the County Council of the West Riding of Yorkshire, which has already illegally deducted from the salaries of all teachers within its jurisdiction such proportion of those salaries as may be supposed to be due for denominational religious teaching, shows what may be expected under such an arrangement—will be carefully purged of every vestige of denominational influence.

In these transferred schools where hitherto morning by morning the Creeds of the Church have been taught, those creeds will give place to the creedless religious instruction which Mr. Birrell explains is suitable for England. One alleviation is allowed. If when the schools are surrendered, the School authorities stipulate for it, though the School Board religion will be taught every morning by the teachers of the school, on two days of the week opportunities will be given for strangers to come in to give religious instruction of the sort desired—but at the expense of the denomination which has hitherto owned the school. That, if they prefer surrender to starvation, will be the normal position all over the country in the schools which members of the

Church of England and Roman Catholics have built and supported for so many years, and at the cost of so many sacrifices. It is the reward meted out to them for caring about education when the State, as such, never even gave it a thought. In town or urban districts with over 5000 inhabitants, the Bill makes one other exception. If four-fifths of the parents of the children attending the school request it, and if there is another school conveniently near, definite denominational teaching may be given in the time which would ordinarily be allotted to the teaching of the normal School Board or Council religion. Moreover, the teachers, who may be Nonconformists or Jews or of any religion, for no tests are to be tolerated, will be allowed to give this definite religious instruction to the children of the denomination to which the parents belong. There is this distinction, however, to be observed. Undenominational religious teaching will be provided at the public expense; instruction in the Church Catechism, and such religious teaching as the Roman Catholic body may desire, though demanded by four-fifths of the parents, are to get no help from the public purse.

The gross injustice of such proposals is obvious, but consider how they will work in practice. Take the case of a school with which I am well acquainted —and it is a sample of hundreds of schools all over the country. It has been a Church school ever since I have known it, now some sixty years. The reports it has received from the Education Department have always been excellent. Not only has there never been a complaint of the religious teaching given in it, but of late years children from a neighboring mining village, though there happens to be a good Board school at their doors, have preferred to walk some mile and a half in order, as they say, "to come to a school where they get religion." In future, if that school is surrendered, this religious teaching will cease except on two days of the week, and on those days will have to be given by others in place of the school teachers whose delight it has hitherto been to give the religious instruction to the children and to provide them with that careful religious training and discipline which the parents themselves say it is so difficult for them, with all their own daily work, adequately to supply. If, on the other hand, the school is not surrendered, which will certainly be the case, the parish will be rated for a school they do not want, to which they will not send their children, which must in any case necessarily be at some distance from their homes, while the school which the children will continue to attend will in future be entirely dependent for all its expenses on private sources. Where is the sense, where is the justice of such proposals? What regard does such a Bill show for religion or for the wishes of the parents? Can a Bill which threatens such consequences be deemed in any sense a Bill for the furtherance of education, or anything, if carried into effect, but an unmitigated misfortune to the country?

But in addition to its inherent injustice, and to the mischief which it must cause in practice, Mr. Birrell's scheme is open to the fundamental objection that it is the establishment of Nonconformity. It aims at the universal establishment of schools with a certain religious character which some seven millions of children shall compulsorily attend. Mr. Birrell did not attempt any concealment on this point. Such schools are to be established and endowed by the State, and they are to be established and endowed by the very men who profess an ardent desire for the liberation of religion from the patronage and control of the State.

There could hardly be more audacious inconsistency. And in what schools will this State-imposed and State-determined religion, because it happens to suit the Nonconformist conscience, be taught at the public expense? First, in those schools which are provided at the public cost, that is, at the cost of many who will have nothing to do with the religion to be taught in them; and secondly, which is still more outrageous, if that be possible, in schools built by private munificence for the express purpose of teaching that Catholic faith which is henceforth to be excluded from them, or only allowed a precarious footing in them.

Mr. Birrell appears conscious of the injustice and inconsistency of such proposals, for he labors to show that undenominational religious teaching is not the religion of Dissent. The facts of the case disprove his theories. One example out of many will be sufficient. The Nonconformists in Leeds had formerly some sixteen schools of their own. How many have they now? Not one. They surrendered their schools one after another to the local school boards. They did this either because they were too indifferent as to the religious education of their children to make the slightest sacrifice on its behalf, or because they were satisfied that the sort of religious instruction they desired would be given at the cost of the ratepayers. There is no doubt that the latter reason is the true one. The Nonconformists at Leeds surrendered their sixteen schools when they found they could get for their children at the public expense the sort of religious instruction they wanted. Other Nonconformist bodies have done the same thing all over the country, and, having succeeded in establishing and endowing their own undenominational religious teaching out of the rates, they now refuse any share of the rates and any recognition on the part of the State to the denominational teaching to which they object. The plain truth is, however much they may dislike it being said, that the Nonconformist leaders want to deprive all the religious bodies with which they are not in agreement, of their right to have definite religious instruction in the schools those religious bodies have built, and, professing to dread the secularization of schools, demand that the religious instruction themselves favor shall be given in all schools at the expense of the public. Mr. Philip Snowden, who presided at the annual conference of the Independent Labor party at Stockton-on-Tees on the 16th of April, only spoke the exact truth when he said, amid the cheers of some two hundred delegates from the various branches of the party throughout the country, "that the Education Bill pleased nobody but the Nonconformists, and that no Government had ever made a greater surrender to the clamor of sectarianism."

The Bill is founded on four assumptions. (1) That there is such a thing as fundamental or undenominational Christianity which can be of the least use to anybody; (2) that such a residuum of religious teaching as may remain after the elimination from it of everything to which the various sects calling themselves Christian object, in any way deserves the name of Christian; (3) that the qualification of the teacher and his competence to give religious instruction are matters of no consequence in regard to the character of the religious instruction given by him in the school; (4) that moral instruction can be effective apart from the sanctions of religion.

On all these points Archbishop Temple being dead yet speaketh, and his witness may have weight where the words of no living man would be attended to. No one can deny Archbishop Temple's competence to speak on the subject, his experience in regard

to educational matters, or that in theology and in politics he was essentially a Liberal.

I extract some of Archbishop Temple's opinions on these points from his recently published Life. They might have been written in reference to the present Bill.

Religious teaching rests for its efficiency on two main conditions—the intellectual clearness and the earnest conviction of the teachers. If the teaching be not clear and distinct it has a loose hold on the mind, it is liable to be forgotten. Now, the Board-school system excludes as a rule all the well-known means for giving clearness and precision to the teaching. It excludes catechisms, creeds, and similar formularies which have been constructed for this purpose. Those who object to formularies such as the creeds proceed on the assumption that our Lord created His Church, but would not entrust it even with the power of framing manuals for teaching. . . .

Still more does the efficiency of religious teaching depend on the earnest conviction of the teacher. There is not the same security for the religious character of the teacher in the Board schools as in the Church schools. That he should be a religious man is not the main consideration in choosing him. . . . Now, for a man with no religious belief to give religious instruction is simply impossible. Children are very quick to see, to feel if a teacher does not himself believe what he is teaching them. A man who does not really believe may make his scholars know what is in the Bible, and pass a good examination, but his teaching will assuredly be without religious influence. . . .

Because tests in regard to civil matters have been pronounced out of place a notion is spread abroad that tests are never in place at all, and that you must get rid of them even where they are wanted. What can be more ridiculous? The requirement that before admission to a municipal office a man must come to Holy Communion in the Church was a most mischievous thing . . . but to push the condemnation of tests to the length of saying that if a man is to be appointed to an office no inquiry is to be made as to his fitness for that office is not consistent with common sense. If a man is to teach arithmetic he shall pass a test, he shall be examined to see if he is fit to teach it. If he is to teach grammar he is to pass a test, he is to be examined in order to see that he is fit to teach it; but if he is to teach the highest of all subjects—religion—immediately there is a protest, he must not be examined as to his competency to teach religion. You must not ask him what his religion is, or if he has any, you are not to test him, you are to take him as he is, and whether he can teach it or not he is to be entrusted with the teaching of it to little children. . . . This is not an erroneous but an absurd assertion. . . . Why then do we attach so much importance to Church schools? Is it not because of their Church character? Now, the Church character of these schools mainly depends upon the appointment of the teachers. No rules prescribing the kind of religious instruction, and important as that instruction is, can be compared for a moment to the character of the teachers in determining what the school is to be like. Our schools are Church schools because we appoint the teachers without any interference, and are bound to see that they are religious Churchmen. . . .

The thing that was most worth fighting for was that religious instruction should be given by the schoolmasters; that was in reality the distinction between a religious and a secular school. When the schoolmaster is required to give religious instruction it was almost inevitable that he should leaven all that he said with something of a religious cast, and if he was a man of any real conviction it was quite certain that his religious feelings would show themselves at all hours of the day. On the contrary, if a schoolmaster did not give religious instruction there was a very serious risk that the tone of the school would very much go down, that the schoolmaster himself would become a different sort of man, not the kind of man we should like to see in charge of a school for elementary instruction. . . .

I believe that in fighting the battle of religious education we are fighting the battle of the State and country. . . . I believe that that kind of moral training which follows upon true religious teaching and true religious discipline is of far more value than any other moral training that can be given, and I am confident that if the moral training of the country goes down we shall have to suffer for it . . . that nothing can befall the country so disastrous to its future prosperity as that its moral character should be generally lowered. . . . A great leader of education has said that the thought of duty was enough to hold children in their proper place before God. Yes, the thought of duty, if you can indeed inculcate it, if you are so blind as not to see that nothing else will implant that idea of duty in the soul of the great mass of men except the religious teaching which we give in the name of the Saviour—the thought of duty is indeed something very noble beyond most other thoughts, but its hold upon men turns always upon their relation to their Maker, and without that in vain will you try to make them faithful to a mere abstraction, which they soon begin to question the reality of, and which they very soon begin to put aside as having no real power, although it may have a great name. . . .

. . . I do not believe in the possibility of a moral education without religion. . . . I am deeply convinced that to attempt to teach a child abstract morality with the idea of teaching religion afterwards is absolutely futile. In dealing with the mind of a little child you must begin with the idea of God's love, and of the Saviour who died for us on the Cross. You must begin with the religious thought out of which will come the force by which afterwards morality is to be maintained. With that belief I look upon it as an imperative duty to do our utmost to maintain in their fullest efficiency all those schools which make religious instruction the first thing, which bear upon the face of them the proclamation that they desire to realize the precept of our Lord. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness."

Can anything be more diametrically opposed to the principles of the Bill introduced by Mr. Birrell than these utterances of Archbishop Temple? The Archbishop insists, in the interests of the nation, on the necessity of maintaining the schools of the Church, on the religious instruction being given in school hours, and by the teachers of the schools; he insists on the necessity of adequate security being taken that religious instruction shall only be given by those who believe it. All these things are ignored or forbidden by the Bill. The Archbishop insists that Christianity has to do with a person. The Bill assumes that it is merely a collection of opinions. It is here, indeed, that the vital difference which divides men on this and so many other subjects is reached. Christianity is not a mere bundle of opinions, it is the sum of the relations that bind us to a person. I am a Christian not because I hold, with more or less distinctness, certain religious opinions, doctrines, dogmas, call them what you like, but because I am brought into certain relations with Jesus Christ. It is devotion to Him, to that Person who is man and God that constitutes Christianity, the Christianity which is the joy of our life, and our salvation in death. Christianity is dogmatic because it tells us what to think of Him who is the life of our life. It is the answer to the question What think ye of Christ? Who is He? What is He? What are my relations to Him? Is He God incarnate to whom my heart's devotion and the obedience of my life are due? or is He only a man like myself? The creeds are the Christian answer to these questions, but the creeds are excluded from the undenominational religious teaching which alone is provided for in the public elementary schools under this Bill, and the question itself "What think ye of Christ? whose Son is He?" is one which Dr.

Clifford has told us must not be answered one way or the other in any school in which the Cowper-Temple clause, to be imposed under the provisions of the Bill in future on all schools alike, is in force.

That sincere Christians, if they would give themselves the trouble to reflect on the subject, should acquiesce in such a system of negative religious instruction on the ground that by accepting it they are avoiding the danger of mere secular instruction and are saving national Christianity is almost inconceivable, but there are such, and hitherto it has been difficult to convince them of the delusion under which they were laboring. The present Bill seems likely to open their eyes. To insist on undenominational Christianity, or fundamental Christianity, which is another name for the same thing, as a substitute for the Christianity of the creeds is all the same as if a man were trying to establish a zoological garden, and at the same time to lay down the principle that no particular animal such as a tiger or an elephant was to be accepted, but only a fundamental mammal. Fundamental Christianity has as little existence as a fundamental mammal, and we refuse to be deceived by it. We are not prepared to see the definite Christianity of the creeds banished from the land. We are not prepared to see our trust-deeds torn up, the property we have devoted to the spread of Christ's religion confiscated. We do not intend to allow the decisions of the Law Courts to be overridden by the commission to be appointed under the Bill, to investigate into and to override the trusts upon which our schools are held. We shall not surrender our schools, nor shall we be deterred from resisting the Board of Education, armed though it be under the Bill with the power of procuring the imprisonment of those who disregard its orders. "As a great Christian community," the members of the Church of England "are not going to stand helplessly and hopelessly silent with folded arms while a chance majority in the tyranny of its might turns Christ and His Christianity out of our schools." On the contrary, we should deem ourselves traitors to the faith if we abandoned the elementary right to have our children taught the faith "once delivered to the saints" by the lips of their natural instructors, and as an integral as well as the most important part of their education.

We ask for no favor, for no privilege. We ask only that education shall not be divorced from religion, that the State shall not establish and pay for a mutilated Christianity, the most odious form of establishment possible, for it is the reassertion of that most detestable principle *cujus regio ejus religio*. We claim that fair play and equal dealing shall be dealt out to all alike. We ask for justice for members of the Roman communion, for the Jews, we desire the redress of any legitimate grievance which the Nonconformists think they possess, we wish to see the opinions of non-Christians and Agnostics respected; but what we claim for others we claim for ourselves. We claim in the name of justice that no preference shall be given to undenominational religious teaching over denominational teaching; that religious teaching shall be given in school hours by the teachers in the school, and shall not be given by those in regard to whom there is no security that they believe what they teach; that the Bible shall not be treated as a mere reading-book or as a convenient vehicle for ethical instruction. We believe that education to deserve the name must be something that helps to bring out the possibilities of man's nature, to develop what is good in him, to eradicate, as far as may be, what is evil. As Christians we believe that there can be no real educa-

tion for man as God has made him apart from the knowledge of and contact with the Person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. No Christian can accept any national system of education that ignores and gives no place to the Christian religion; the acceptance of such a system means individual and national disaster. How then, in the face of our unhappy religious divisions, are these principles to be maintained? Not, I submit, by excluding all religious teaching from the national system of education, not by the State inventing a religion of its own and compelling all to pay for it, but by the frank recognition on the part of the State, as in Germany, of the religious teaching of all denominations alike, by a friendly neutrality on the part of the State to all religions, and by the maintenance by the State of all schools, whether denominational or not, which comply with the State requirements as to educational efficiency. There is no other satisfactory solution of the education question, such a solution is quite compatible with complete popular control, and it is the solution demanded alike by a regard for religion and by respect for justice. As for this Bill we shall oppose it by every means at our disposal as a merciless abuse of power, a gross oppression of conscience, and a flagrant denial of Christian liberty.

Halifax.

IV.

The Bill introduced by Mr. Birrell deals with the question round which the most intense feeling gathers, and yet it is necessary that it should be regarded in a perfectly dispassionate temper if a satisfactory issue of the discussion is to be reached. The Prime Minister's brusque but eminently sane outburst, "Enough of this fooling," applies as much to the education question as to any of those with which the present Parliament has to deal. That there is need for the warning is evident from the strange view taken by a distinguished member of the late Government, who, in a letter to the *Times*, challenges the statement that "the Education Bill carries out the verdict of the country in the late election." He adds, "No doubt the militant Nonconformists went for the reversal of the settlement of 1902, but they came in upon the wave of organized trade unionism and anti-Chinese-labor agitation." This is merely trifling with the great question, and very silly at that. As the utterance of a raw recruit it might have been tolerated, but as the deliberate expression of a man who has had many years of experience in Parliament and office it provokes nothing more than ridicule; but that is one of the last things to be desired in this controversy. Earnest men of all parties desire that this long struggle should be ended. It has seriously retarded the progress of education, and so has inflicted an injury upon the nation which sorely needs at the present time the surest and best method of protection of its trade in the education of its workers. As to the Churches, I seriously doubt whether any one of them has gained or is likely to gain any sectarian advantage by obtaining control in its schools. But, however this be, it is pretty certain that such advantage would be poor compensation for the injury it will sustain by the incidents of the conflict. Common-sense, enlightened patriotism, and Christian feeling alike dictate to us the necessity for tempering loyalty to our own convictions with an honest endeavor to do justice to those of our opponents. Our aim should be not to convert this England into a sectarian preserve, but to make it a home in which every Englishman should be assured of justice.

Let me say at the outset that what-

ever else Mr. Birrell has done, he certainly has not executed his task in the spirit of a mere partisan. His playful sallies of wit relieved the necessary gravity in his exposition of a measure so encumbered with details and dealing with so many tangled problems. But they were just as much a serious element in his speech as his more elaborate argument. His endeavor from the first was to lift his subject from the low and narrow level on which it had been too long discussed. His task was one of eminent difficulty. He must have had the consciousness from the beginning of his speech, and it must have been deepened by every glance at the crowded benches around him or the watchful galleries above him, that almost in every sentence he uttered he ran the risk of awaking stern and angry opposition. He has learnt since how keen is the resentment. I do not claim for him here that he absolutely succeeded. But at least I may say that he satisfied impartial men of different shades of opinion that he was making an honest attempt to render the country a service which it sorely needed. The absence of all appeal to partisan passion, and of that tone of infallibility so often adopted by men in his position without a consciousness of the offence it creates, the extreme care with which the claims of opposite interests were balanced, all served to raise the entire tone of the speech and the discussion which followed. The speech was the work of a practised orator, while the scheme which it unfolded was that of a patriotic statesman.

Fortunately, as it appears to me, both speech and Bill are adapted to the present temper of the House and the country. I doubt whether we have yet fully measured the extent to which the extraordinary Parliamentary revolution which we have just been witnessing is an expression of the weariness felt by large numbers of the nation of the game of party tactics. It may be very amusing to the limited circle which takes part in it, and by whose members its honors are appropriated. To many of them it is a continuation of the old game played in the Oxford and Cambridge Unions, and those who engage in it, flushed with its rewards, seem too often to forget that they are playing with the greatest interests of a nation, with the happiness of tens of thousands of homes, with the work of millions of lives. Some clever party manœuvre defeats a scheme of general progress which has been worked out with great care and judgment, and there is an outburst of triumph from the victorious party which may relieve their feelings but which does not abate the injury inflicted on the nation, and the check given to national progress. To the successful combatants the one point of interest is that the attack of the Outs has been baffled and the victory of the Ins secured. Perhaps it is only when the private memoirs of great statesmen are written that the curtain is lifted and the world understands the real hollowness of the strife. We have had a considerable supply of these biographies lately, and the impression they have produced on many minds is strong. But on the masses of the people the events passing under their own eyes have exerted a much stronger influence. The elections have certainly shown that the country is weary of tactics and is intent on real business.

That does not necessarily mean that it is intent on any special solution of the education difficulty, but simply that what is done should be wisely progressive, a distinct advance towards the settlement of the dispute. That is the reason why personally I am prepared to give the Bill a cordial support, and while there may be amendments which may remove some present objections,

I would far rather see it adopted *en bloc* than have the whole subject left unsettled to run the gauntlet of controversy once more. In saying this I write as a citizen rather than as a Nonconformist. I must confess that I have not learnt the remarkable art of dividing my mind into water-tight compartments each of which is rigidly excluded from the rest. I am a Nonconformist, by which I mean that I conscientiously object to the interference of the State with my religious life in any form or shape. Holding that view I must act upon it everywhere, and it must be clear that with such a view I cannot regard the Bill as absolutely ideal. But the real question, as it seems to me, is whether it is the best possible under the circumstances—*i.e.* the best adapted to meet the peculiar conditions of a nation like our own with so many shades of opinion, especially on religious questions. So many and so subtle are the differences that I must confess to a doubt whether we really understand each other's position. Under such conditions it would be worse than absurd for me to demand that the school system should be arranged so as to suit the convictions of Nonconformists alone. We have all felt, and felt bitterly, the attempt to create a State-Church monopoly. We should surely touch the very depth of unwisdom if, with the experience behind us, we should endeavor to create a similar privileged system for ourselves. What, therefore, I should personally demand in any scheme is that it should maintain perfect impartiality between all Churches and all creeds, so that none can have reasonable ground to complain of injustice, since none are able to boast of exclusive privilege.

It may be well to notice here the injustice which has been done by the continued talk about undenominational or fundamental religion as though it connoted a system distinctive of Nonconformists. Such a representation is, in my judgment, worse on religious even than on political grounds. It is a miserable thing to deny that there is a great body of truth common to all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth. At all events it is a gross libel to suggest that what is called undenominationalism expresses the entire creed of the Dissenting Churches. We have our denominationalisms, and even if there was an agreement that the creed which embraces these only should be that alone permitted in public schools, there would be a number of delicate points still left unsettled.

It is indispensably necessary that there should be perfect frankness on this point. It is not on some subsidiary points of doctrine or moot questions of Church government that these diversities arise. They go to what all parties will recognize as the very central truth of their religion. For example, Trinitarians and Unitarians differ *in toto* as to the answer to be given to the old question, Who is the Son of Man? And there is no question in relation to which so much intensity of feeling is aroused. To talk about tolerance and charity in such a connection is entirely wide of the mark. These are the virtues which every man is bound to exercise in relation to those who differ most widely from him. But respect for the advocates of an opinion does not imply doubt as to the opinion itself. It cannot be an open question whether our Lord speaks with the wisdom of a human teacher or the authority of the Son of God. The battle that has gathered around undenominationalism is only one of the many examples of the evil which is done by the heedless use of words without definitions. Clearly it is necessary to an intelligent view of the question that there should be a distinct understanding as to the sects between whom

this truce of God is to be proclaimed. Nothing can well be more admirable than a broad-minded Christianity in which loyalty to personal conviction does not prevent an honest and even generous endeavor to understand the position of one who belongs to a different camp. To men of this spirit nothing is more surprising than to find how much there is in others of different creeds which they have misunderstood, and, misunderstanding, have judged them with extreme unfairness. But this is very different from the concessions demanded by some national system in which earnest thinkers are required to compromise some of their deepest and most spiritual beliefs. The State never pursues a more dangerous course than when it thus intrudes into the most sacred realm of conscience.

I was one of a private committee composed of educationalists and Nonconformists which was formed to watch the progress of Mr. Forster's Bill of 1870. To this day I remember the bitterness of the disappointment felt by us when Mr. Forster's Bill was introduced. I was on two or three deputations who visited him, and discussed the different provisions of the measure. We thought we had found a solution of the problem in the proposal that some form of fundamental Christianity should be adopted in the schools. The reply of the Minister was as decided as it was prompt. What are you going to do with the Roman Catholics and the Jews? The question fell like a bombshell. The truth is that many of us were supporters of the British and Foreign School Society, and vainly fancied that the catholic plan of that admirable society would furnish a faultless basis for a national system. Mr. Forster had hit upon the fatal blot of our whole conception. How far he penetrated the real effect of his own answer I know not. But I can only say for myself that I at once perceived it, and that I have never forgotten it since.

It fell to my lot a year or two later to read a paper before our own Congregational Union in support of what is regarded as the secular view. Our members also were divided on the subject, and those of us who took the logical course were assailed by a very keen criticism. There lies before me a small pamphlet containing the report of a speech to the Union and of a subsequent correspondence with one of my most honored friends and fathers in the ministry, Rev. Thomas Binney. The prefatory note closes with these words, "It is satisfactory to know that even since the pamphlet was written, Dissenters have come nearer to unanimity on the points at issue; and that though some differences of theory remain, the approaching Session will find us better prepared for united and energetic action against that *Denominationalism* which is the real foe of national education." From that position I have never swerved. I hail the Bill not because it shows any favor to Nonconformists, but simply because it is an honest endeavor to put the interests of the children above the pretensions of any denomination.

The thirty intervening years have done little or nothing to alter the conditions of the problem. The old sentiments survive, and with them the same indisposition to take the bold course which logic dictates. I cannot heartily approve of the scheme, but I acquiesce in the arrangement, believing that it is only the amount of sacrifice which a man ought fairly to make for the sake of a great national good. In other words, the separation of religious from secular teaching seems to be the only logical course, and so I may object to Mr. Birrell's proposal even though believing it to be the only one possible under the conditions. There is, how-

ever, a difficulty due partly to a change of public feeling, and partly to the changed relations between the schools and the State. So long as there were denominational schools there would certainly be a supply of teachers in sympathy with the Churches by whom they were employed. So far as those schools were concerned, teaching was a close profession restricted to the members of the controlling sects. All that must be swept away. Bishops and clergy may be very angry, but it may be well for them to remember that it is their own action which has made it inevitable. Control of the schools and a monopoly of the teaching profession were no small compensation for the intolerable strain which, as they often told us, the work imposed upon them. In an evil hour for their cause they set aside the counsel of their most sagacious adviser, and employed the unfair influence which for the moment they enjoyed in the public counsels to secure additional pecuniary help from the local rates. They have speedily found that this necessarily involved the loss of their distinctive position. They no longer exercise the control, they do not appoint the teachers, and they have no assurance even that they will be members of their own Church. The chagrin of the Archbishop is visible in every line of his letter, but his indignation is more amusing than alarming. It will not be shared by a considerable section of his own laity, and it will produce not the faintest impression on the great majority in the House of Commons. Whether or not the Primate may succeed in tempting the House of Lords to adopt his view is a point on which we cannot even form a conjecture at present. It may certainly be said that even if he secure, as seems very probable, the adhesion of the entire bench of Bishops, that will produce but little impression upon the people of England. At present his brethren on the bench seem to occupy themselves in repeating his thunders, but the effect is hardly so alarming as might have been feared. After all, it is only a question of the privileges of a Church, and unless it can be shown that these are for the national advantage, they have little chance of meeting the demands of an age which is eminently practical.

The real test by which the Bill, as all other educational proposals, will be proved, will undoubtedly be its value to the nation. It is not proposed with a view of conserving the privileges of any Church or of any class, but for the greater efficiency of the schools as the training-ground for national life. When a national system was first seriously contemplated, Nonconformists were distinctly opposed to it on the ground that it must start up some of the most vexed and knotty questions in relation to the religious training of children. These are the questions which confront us now, and which, I venture to think, will never be fairly solved except by mutual concession. It would be amusing, if it were not so extremely sad, to note the number of classes whose rights we are told must be respected in any exceptional settlement. Unfortunately these rights contradict each other, so that if the champions of each are able to insist on their own special claim, a peaceful settlement becomes impossible. The spirit of the times is distinctly opposed to such an impracticable attitude. The nation, like Samson awaking from sleep, has shaken itself from that attitude of submission to the traditions of party which had been so prolonged that it had come to be regarded as permanent. This is, after all, the meaning of the last election. The constituencies in their present mood are not likely to be much disturbed by appeals to precedent and tradition.

Take, *e.g.*, the case as put by the Pri-

mate. "What we think of," he writes, "is not confiscation of property so much as the withdrawal from us of the right to carry out principles which for more than half a century successive Governments of all parties have encouraged us to maintain." When this comes to be examined it is found to be more terrible in sound than in reality. What it comes to is really this. For the last fifty years—*i.e.*, I suppose, from the date of Mr. Forster's first Bill—certain special privileges have been enjoyed by the denominational schools. They have been the subject of controversy from the time when they were first introduced, but hitherto, owing to various causes, the position of the privileged class has been maintained. But a privilege is not a right. It is hardly a stronghold whose impregnable character is sufficient to daunt all assailants. Nonconformity has gained the position which it holds to-day by carrying defences which externally seemed infinitely more formidable than this. But at each successive advance the nation has seen that the people as a whole have benefited by the sweeping away of these class or Church privileges. Our universities were once the appanage of the Established Church. They were thrown open, and the nation has had abundant reason to rejoice that it has been able to welcome the increase of power from the training of brain hitherto left uncared for. I doubt not that the same results would follow the abolition of the right for which the Archbishop is now contending.

But it is conceding too much to regard these two privileges as standing upon the same basis. Fifty years is a very short period for the creation of such a right. But when that has been said, the argument against it is not completed. In no true sense can it be asserted that the right which is now challenged has existed for any such period. The worst that can be said of Mr. Birrell's Bill is that it is a direct reversal of the policy of 1902. It is an appeal from the nation in a state of excitement to the same people in a sober and thoughtful condition. In truth, we may go even further than that. This is the first time the nation has ever been consulted at all. Even had it been appealed to in 1900, its mind was too much occupied with other subjects for it to have pronounced an impartial verdict. To talk of a decision reached at that time as though it was sacrosanct is, to say the least, not convincing.

It is necessary to present this case in the simplest possible prose. So much has been said of the grievance which the Anglican Church has to suffer that it is well to look at it in the hard, dry light of fact. The old Anglican school of the parish is practically a thing of the past. Its life was closed by the Act of 1902. Up to that time its supporters had taken upon themselves a certain measure of responsibility. They undertook the entire work of keeping the fabric in proper condition; and though this was but partially done, they themselves complained of the intolerable strain put upon them. Mr. Balfour came to their relief, and succeeded in persuading himself, though it is doubtful whether he convinced any one besides, that his Bill was really for the advantage of Nonconformists. Now that the representative of a Government which is supported by an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons proposes to do what Liberal politicians have always declared they would do on the first opportunity, it is hard to see where the injustice comes in, or what ground there is for the talk about confiscation.

It has been said more than once that the measure is a Nonconformist one, and will satisfy only Nonconformists.

The *Times* put the case for the Church against the Bill in the strongest possible form: "The exposition of its principles by Mr. Birrell in the House of Commons indicates that it has been framed to conciliate the Nonconformist supporters of the Government, and not to let the Church of England down more easily than can be helped." There is a tacit assumption here that the aim of Nonconformists is to humiliate the Church of England. Our contention is that the State cannot give privileges to any Church or any set of religious opinions without doing injustice to all other classes of the community. Experience has too conclusively proved that it is in the educational work among the young that this principle is most severely tried. Clearly, I might almost say incontestably, absolute justice requires that in a community so torn by religious dissensions as our nation, the schools should have no sectarian complexion of any kind. But some, even of the strongest Nonconformists, have found it difficult to accept this view, and it must be admitted that they are not without considerable reason. To begin with. The neutrality desired is not so easy as at first sight appears. It would be hard to conduct a school in which no moral training should be given, and in which the teaching should be entirely on the intellectual side. But as soon as we touch ethical questions, differences begin. Whatever the final solution, the probability is that it would be open to some objection from the logical side. It is a manifest necessity that each party should look at the whole from the national as well as from its own sectarian point of view.

This is really what Nonconformists imagine that they are doing when they avow themselves in favor of a system of what is variously called "fundamental Christianity" or "undenominationalism." That it could be regarded as their religion was an idea which had never occurred to their minds. I am conscious that we have many faults, but undenominationalism is not one of them. We have our Church principles clearly worked out and firmly held even as the "Holy Catholic Church," whether of East or West. We are as thankful for the story of the past as they can possibly be, we value our place in the great work of England's advance, and we are as anxious to continue that advance still. We have often been accused of narrowness and bigotry, and we have never sought to secure acquittal by pleading indifference to our great denominational principles. The man who sits on every fence that he can find, and if he does not readily find one, makes one to accommodate it to his purpose, does not meet with special favor amongst us. If he be too broad and enlightened to profess himself of any Church, it is not probable that any Church will receive much benefit from his testimony or his service. If truth be told, we have a considerable antipathy to undenominationalism, and it is fully shared by those who have the least sympathy with sectarian bigotry. To talk of undenominationalism as Nonconformity is sheer nonsense.

On the other hand we have a very fixed conviction that underneath all our sectarian differences there lies a wide substratum of primary and essential truth which is common to us all, which we regard as infinitely more precious than the points on which we differ. Is it impossible to find in this a basis for common work? However plausible the talk may be about the right of parents to demand that the State shall educate their children in their own sectarian principles—talk, however, which is more attractive in the purple passages of fervid speeches than in the hard facts of practical life—it is really a *petitio principii* against

which Nonconformists necessarily protest. The difficulty throughout the controversy has been for the two opposing parties to understand the views of one another. Nonconformist antagonism to the Anglican Church does not imply a war against its creed, its ritual, or its rulers. The Calvinist Free Churchman is not in perfect agreement with the Methodist Free Churchman, the Baptist with the Pædo-Baptist, or the Presbyterian with the Congregationalist. Yet they can all exchange pulpits and unite in a common federation. Of course the idea of authority comes in to prevent a similar fellowship between them and the Anglican Church. But even that does not necessarily carry with it the idea of antagonism. The controversies between Churches have not much manifest effect on the relative numbers of their adherents, and further the antagonism with which we have mainly to do in this discussion is not about Church authority but about State privilege. Would that our Anglican friends could realize that our one point of opposition is to the peculiar status which they evidently believe the State is bound to give them. We object to Lord Hugh Cecil's celebrated illustration of the school with two doors, the one into it and the other out into the National Church, not because the Church is Anglican. Our objection would be still stronger if it were Congregational. Alas! so long as one Church holds that it is entitled to privileges different from others, it is hard to see how or where the controversy is to end. Our contention, it cannot be too frequently repeated, is simply against privilege.

Mr. Athelstan Riley, in a letter to the *Times*, says that "Mr. Birrell establishes and endows" what he calls "municipal religion." Now, whether it is wise or not to press logical objections of this kind to their extreme issue is a point not necessary to raise here. With me the question rather is, how far it is possible, without any disloyalty to conscience, to find a settlement which would be in accord with the imperative conditions of the case. This is all that is intended in the preparation of this syllabus. Is it not possible to regard it in this way without investing it with the enormous authority of a creed? If not, I confess I see no possibility of introducing religious teaching of any kind except such as the Churches are themselves prepared to give, and for this special arrangements must be made. This is the plan which has always appeared to me wise and equitable, and I see no reason for changing my opinion now.

The Sunday school has been one of the most effective departments of service in all our Christian communities. Why should not the different Churches carry on the same work in the day school by their own agencies, according to their own ideas, and at their own cost? All that would be asked from the State would be that it should provide the facilities for the work by giving the use of the school for certain specified hours during the week. It is said continually that the Churches would not do the work. Alas! what then becomes of the alleged zeal for religious education? Can it be that it is only zeal to compel the State to render a particular service, but that it does not inspire self-devotion on the part of those by whom it is most loudly professed? I venture to hope that there is a more consistent and noble thought and purpose on the part of those whose present excitement against the Bill and its authors interferes with their calm judgment of the position. To me one thing seems clear. Whatever may be the fate of the present Bill, the very proposal has made it more difficult to entertain any hope of denominational teaching retaining a permanent place

in our State schools, unless it be maintained by the voluntary effort of the Churches.

The Bishop of London has not been slow to follow in the footsteps of the Primate; but while the tone of his opposition is quite as uncompromising, there is less of feeling in his appeal. On those who, like myself (and I believe they include the vast body of Nonconformists), desire that the legitimate claims of Churchmen in regard to their schools should be satisfied to the uttermost farthing, his strong representations will have but litle effect. The idea that the Anglican Church is likely to suffer spoliation is a trifle too grotesque. The Bishop exaggerates the danger to his own mind. His picture of the possible peril to the school built at the cost of 8000*l.* in Bethnal Green, that it may be "compulsorily transferred to the County Council at a merely nominal rent without appeal and without redress," is doubtless terribly graphic; but there is in it also more than a touch of the grotesque. The Ministry are not a set of ruthless pirates, and above all men, Mr. Birrell would be a poor representative of a company on such felonious schemes intent. Even the London County Council is scarcely likely to perpetrate such an iniquity. To tell the truth, the Bishop hardly seems to expect such a terrible calamity himself. He simply pictures it as one of the possibilities. I deny that they are possibilities. The nation has not lost its sanity nor its sense of justice. There are numbers of Nonconformists (I would undertake here to speak for the whole body of them) who would not stand quietly by without effective protest. The way in which a settlement is to be effected will require very delicate consideration and very careful handling. But I have sufficient faith in my fellow-countrymen to believe that compensation will err on the side of excess rather than of deficiency.

But the same paper which contains the Bishop of London's letter publishes also a speech on the same subject by the President of the Independent Labor party. Even the somewhat wild statements of that gentleman, who evidently regards his party as identical, if not with the nation, at all events with the great majority, have to be taken into serious account. What fraction of the working classes his party represents it is not possible exactly to determine; but those who wear soft raiment and dwell in kings' palaces may easily form a mistaken conception of their real power. At all events, the will of the working classes is a most important factor in this entire controversy. The last people who can legitimately question this are the clerics who have been loudly protesting that the wishes of the parents must be consulted. Bearing this in mind, the statement of Mr. Snowden is to me eminently distressing. "We stand," he said, "by our repeated declaration for a system of education from which the irritating and efficiency-destroying association of so-called religious teaching (which is the very negation of true religion) shall be completely removed." A calm thinker may dismiss this as mere fury, and to a certain extent he will be right; but there is an aspect of this subject which cannot be thus lightly and thoughtlessly dismissed. Apart from its avowal of opinion in the present discussion, what is it but a feverish outburst of the old cry, "A plague on all your Churches"? Well may we all ask ourselves, Is this the point to which our controversies have brought us? If it be, is not the time come when we should carely consider our policy, and ask whether a more excellent way cannot be found?

There are sufficient reasons to make a thoughtful man doubt whether the

solution proposed by Mr. Philip Snowden will really meet the views of the great body of workers in this country. The reading of the Bible and the teaching of its elementary truths may fairly be regarded as contrary to the wishes of those ratepayers who do not believe the Bible at all. But whatever strict justice may demand, it may be doubted whether even all agnostics would desire the exclusion of such teaching, providing it be kept clear from the intrusion of either Church or priest. For myself I can never forget how often the name of Professor Huxley was quoted to me in the controversy of thirty-five years ago, as of one who desired to retain the reading of the Bible in the schools. I have no desire, however, to forecast the course of the coming discussion on the Bill. My one aim is to urge that of all the questions of the day there is none that needs to be discussed with more judgment and good temper, especially by all those who enter into it in the interests of religion. These are times in which the world will be more influenced by a true exhibition of the spirit of the Gospel than by a blind devotion to any creed or to any Church.

Here is a Government enjoying an almost unexampled predominance in the House of Commons, which has carefully set itself to the redress of an acknowledged grievance. There is no reason to suspect it of any specially partisan or sectarian views. The guide of its educational policy and the author of its Bill has had special opportunities for knowing the inner mind of contending parties. There is no hint that he has been influenced by any sectarian feeling of any kind. In his speech there was not a touch of bitterness. Is it not wise and fair that the provisions of his measure should be examined in a dispassionate temper, and with an anxious endeavor to arrive at a satisfactory result? Of course, where there is such a multitude of details there will be room for amendment. The one care should be that those amendments should be made in the interests of justice and not of party. It seems to me that here is a wide field for the exercise of Christian magnanimity. I may be told that this is a very easy position for a Nonconformist to take, since this is a Nonconformist measure. I fail to see, however, where the Nonconformity comes in. The grand principle of the Bill is that the schools are maintained by the nation, and that the rule of the nation in them must be absolute. How to reconcile this principle with a due regard to the history of our education is a problem which will tax the intelligence of our statesmen.

In the meantime it is not easy to look forward to the weeks of controversy which must be before us without considerable anxiety. Some of the letters which are appearing from morning to morning in our daily papers are sufficiently ominous. The truth is, every one seems to think that he understands the question, and every second man appears to have a solution of his own; while there is a conviction in every camp that its members represent the vast majority. It was very entertaining, though at the same time sad, to read the letter of a Churchman who, having contrary to his wont voted Liberal at the last election, had since met ten men with a similar record, all of whom announced that they would not be guilty of such a crime again. This had convinced the worthy gentleman that there were hundreds, if not thousands, in a similar condition—the natural tendency of men who feel strongly on questions which are fiercely contested, and on which strong opinions are firmly held. But is it not possible for those who feel the smallest measure of responsibility for influencing public opinion to hit upon a true eirenikon?

It would be folly to patch up some hollow compromise which will break down as soon as it is put to the test. But it surely is possible and desirable to devise some plan which may be regarded with general approval, and shall yet fulfil the imperative conditions that it shall be under the control and for the benefit of the entire people without distinction of sect or party.

The Bishop of Birmingham has entered into this controversy in a very different spirit from his brethren, though he also joins in condemnation of the Bill. His letter has appeared since the foregoing pages were in type, and it expresses with great force and acuteness his strong objections to the undenominational teaching. I am largely in agreement with his view. He selects as the basis of his argument the very doctrine which I have used as an illustration. Of course we can bring out ethical lessons from the Bible without setting forth any dogma. But that is not simple Bible teaching; and yet if it present the only possible alternative, even some who cannot regard it as based on sound principle may submit lest some worse thing should come. The real point for each of us to solve is whether the instinctive protest against the restriction of the work of the State to purely secular teaching compels the acceptance of a concordat. If this be so, such concordat must be one which will secure facilities for denominational teaching with the understanding that its cost is borne by the Churches. In such a scheme there would be no room for the panic about the secularization of the schools. The religious teaching would be given, and the Churches which provided it would have the choice of the teachers.

Unless some such mode of accommodation can be adopted the omens all point to war, and to war of a very bitter and determined kind. It would be folly to underrate the strength which bishops and clergy can bring to the encounter, but it would be far greater folly to exaggerate the danger which it threatens. Lord Hugh Cecil has paraded before us a terrible array of forces to be summoned from every diocese, archdeaconry, rural deanery and parish. It looks formidable on paper, but it is safe to predict that the decision of the English people will not be affected by such tactics as these. It may seem presumptuous for a Nonconformist to forecast the result of such a contest as that for which Lord Hugh Cecil pants. In such a struggle between priests and people the people are sure to win. On some points at least they are determined. State schools shall neither have sectarian control nor be turned into a preserve for sectarian teachers. If I might venture on a suggestion to all parties at the present crisis it would be simply to repeat the words of the Master: "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art with him in the way; lest haply the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison."

J. Guinness Rogers.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

MR. J. M. BARRIE'S DRAMATIC AND SOCIAL OUTLOOK.

Never before in the history of British domesticity has the English home been called upon to face such a dangerous crisis as that through which it is now passing; never before has the Englishman's castle been stormed by an army so powerful, and yet of so heterogeneous a nature that it would surely annihilate itself in uncivil warfare were it not united by the com-

mon object of razing that castle to the lowest level and burying every vestige of the ruins out of sight. Certainly there was a turbulent period some few years ago, when an Amazonian contingent boldly laid siege to the Doll's House quarter of the hearth-and-home colony, but fortunately Bernard Shaw infused a sense of humor into that very serious little band before much harm could supersede much good. Gradually, however, home affairs have of late been assuming a more formidable aspect. The servant problem, the development of the intelligence *versus* the propagation of the species controversy, the women's club movement, the artistic temperament hobby, and now, finally, the threatened re-subjection of the semi-emancipated woman scare, have all challenged the home to prove that it has the smallest claim on their support. With the total abolition of fairies from off the face of the civilized world the unequal contest could only have ended one way ere this if a champion had not come forward to espouse the cause of the side whose strength has been undermined by progressionist upheavals. From a very ordinary brick-and-mortar conning-tower a man looked forth on modern life, grasped the whole situation with the intuition of a woman, passed judgment with the infallible wisdom of the discerning child, and set himself the task of proving that in the evolutionary process men and women were rapidly growing out of all that is best in what the world has to offer. At first this devotee of the commonplace attracted attention by his enthusiastic admiration for everything that the modern had long ago affected to despise; there the interest in him might have ceased and have gradually died away but for a particular quality which he possessed and which was made manifest at the outset of his career. Naturally of a sympathetic disposition, he had become by observation and experience a master of the science of pathognomy, and into his art there crept the pathos of human life. He drew tears—the modern was surprised at his own weakness, and looked forward to again experiencing such a novel sensation; he exhibited a keen sense of humor and provoked many a quiet smile; he became witty, and created a laugh with a genuine ring in it; he indulged in fantastic flights of the imagination which developed into brilliant satire, and in the applause which followed he learnt how much simplicity can achieve when it comprehends the psychology of a complex civilization. What we have here to investigate is the nature of that simplicity by which the popular point of view may be completely changed, and home-life saved from destruction if the cries of "Vive Barrie" mean anything more than a tribute to art.

Given genius, the two great influences which affect its development are ambition and inspiration, the incentive from within and the incentive from without. Sometimes it is ambition which goes forth in search of inspiration, sometimes it is inspiration that awakens ambition; but in the case of Mr. J. M. Barrie the two influences may be said to have had a simultaneous origin and to have been at work together at a very early period of his life. In *Margaret Ogilvy*, a son's recollections of the mother he idolized, we find that Mr. Barrie made up his mind to be an author before he was twelve years old. Mother and son having read together every book they could hire or borrow, the boy's voracious literary appetite was by no means appeased; on the contrary, it was stimulated to such an extent that all other available supplies being exhausted, he retired to a garret to write tales for himself. The very first attempt he made to satisfy this mental craving led him to determine on the means by

which he would attain that which had been the aim and object of his life ever since he had felt the throb of conscious desire—a steadfast ambition to please his mother. "From the day on which I first tasted blood in the garret my mind was made up," he tells us; "there could be no hum-dreadful-drum profession for me; literature was my game." But mixed up with this ambition, which was so very nearly akin to inspiration, was the semi-conscious yearning of an aspiring ego which discovered itself on the day when the young graduate called his mother aside impatient to repeat to her those lines of Cowley which he had just heard—

> What can I do to be for ever known,
> And make the age to come my own?

Was it because his mother was the only woman from whom he could as yet demand sympathetic advice, help, and encouragement that her son turned to her when he felt the "sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go?" A knowledge of Margaret Ogilvy's character will suffice to suppress any such idea. Her keen desire to stand in the relation of a mother to a distinguished man, and its ultimate achievement, would almost seem to have a scientific significance when viewed in the light thrown on her psychologically by Mr. Barrie in his autobiographical account of her life. "Biography and exploration were her favorite reading," we are told, "for choice the biography of men who had been good to their mothers. . . . Explorers' mothers also interested her very much; the books might tell her nothing about them, but she could create them for herself and wring her hands in sympathy with them when they had got no news of him for six months. Yet there were times when she grudged him to them—as the day when he returned victorious. Then what was before her eyes was not the son coming marching home again, but an old woman peering for him round the window curtain, and trying not to look uplifted. The newspaper reports would be about the son, but my mother's comment was 'She's a proud woman this night.' Then again we remember how she once exclaimed, 'I would have liked fine to be that Gladstone's mother' "; and even though she was so jealous of Stevenson's literary fame on her son's account that for a long time she could not be induced to open one of his books, yet when she at last overcame the prejudice sufficiently to read them, and was asked whether she would have liked to have been his mother, she replied "I dinna deny but what I could have found room for him." Nor must we forget that she was very anxious to make up by self-culture for a somewhat elementary education in her youth. From this picture of the mother with a dominating ambition and menticultural propensities, together with the sketch of the little girl who, at eight years of age, became mistress of her father's house, we can limn for ourselves the maiden and the wife, and whether or not we pause to consider the influence of mind on physical phenomena we shall certainly be led to draw a conclusion of some importance. The secret of the purity of Mr. J. M. Barrie's art, the secret of its strength and of its limitations, lies in the fact that he has never been called upon to decide what is legitimate and what is illegitimate in inspiration; to his mother he owes the life-blood of his creative genius no less than his very existence, and he is ever ready to acknowledge his double debt of gratitude to one woman by enfolding her in the mantle of his heroine.

Having had no difficulty in finding the starting point of Mr. Barrie's career owing to his having personally led us to the fountain-head, we will proceed to examine the path by which he has

arrived at the point where he now stands, before attempting to codify his appeal. A few secrets which he seems to have confided to his art even the critic forbears to probe, but however life may have dealt with him personally, he has always looked with a childlike faith for the spirit of the child which haunts every human being, and when we find him searching for it under a heap of ruins it is with tears in his eyes rather than with reproach on his lips. No writer besides Mr. Barrie, if we except Hans Andersen, has ever understood so well the struggle which is continually being carried on in the heart of the grown-up between the despotic adult and the child who wields the sceptre of love, nor the warfare which is constantly being waged in the bosom of the child between the fairy godmother and the wizard who holds the key to the palace of the grown-ups. Mr. Barrie would have us acknowledge that in our supreme moments we are children, and his finest men and women have the best qualities of a child's nature. We can dismiss all his mothers with the mere statement of one suggestive fact—each has the maternal instinct, and what is that but a desire for a personal interest in a living soul which will respond to an affection that is childlike in its purity? Jess, Margaret, Mrs. Darling, Alice Sit-by-the-Fire—we need mention but a few of their names to call up the vision of a beautiful, mysterious something in mothers which eludes the growing-up decree. Similarly in his other characters we find the childlike element. In Leeby the child conquers the woman and elects to live on with the mother who needs her "in the little house at the top of the brae," rather than go with the man who would take her away into the great world beyond Thrums. Why do our hearts ache for Jamie, who left his invalid mother to watch in vain for him from that Window in Thrums, to wait for the letter which never came, to die without knowing whether her son was alive or dead, whilst he was in London in the grip of a phantom woman? When at last Jamie returned to his native town, only to find the old home broken up, did he not wander to the schoolhouse to beg his mother's staff from the dominie? When he took it we are told that "his mouth closed in agony"—the man was in the throes of repentance—"two great tears hung on his eyelids"—the child had won for him absolution. Then he went back to the one-story house, and, standing in the memory-haunted kitchen, said to the woman who was now in possession, "I'll ask one last favor o' ye, I would like ye to leave me here alone for just a little while."

"I gaed oot," the woman tells us, "meanin' to leave 'im to 'imsel', but my bairn wouldna come, an' he said, 'Never mind her,' so I left her wi' 'im, and closed the door. He was in a lang time, but I never kent what he did, for the bairn just aye greets when I speir at her."

Only a child understands how a child can suffer, only a childlike sympathy is bearable in moments of supreme sorrow. When Mr. Barrie leaves Jamie and the bairn together in the kitchen we realize how well he understands that the best in human nature is essentially childlike and simple. Take Hendry—although he denies himself tobacco and snuff for months in order that Jess may be the proud possessor of one of those fashionable cloaks known in Thrums as "Eleven and a Bits," is he not delightfully childlike, even childish, when he actually gives her the parcel? Think of the smoking-room friends in *My Lady Nicotine*, of David's benefactor in *A Little White Bird*, of Rob Angus, are they not all children in the best sense of the word? As for Mr. Barrie's ideal child, it is a cross between a fairy and a

human, with a great appreciation of the one and the other, and an intuitive understanding of both which is sufficiently alarming to prevent any deception on the part of its elders and betters; he has christened it "Betwixt and Between," and owing to the production of Peter Pan his family is largely on the increase.

In his choice of characters Mr. Barrie is certainly limited, and we might be tempted to think that this limitation is imposed by necessity if he had not given proofs of his ability to deal with more complex people than those to whom he generally introduces us. But bearing in mind his suggestive studies of Babbie the Egyptian, Sentimental Tommie, and the Admirable Crichton, we are bound to admit that with an occasional exception he deliberately and systematically chooses his types from the somewhat narrow circle which it is his keen desire to expand. Mr. Barrie's object is to induce the modern to abandon the cult of the superfluous and to create a home atmosphere in which both senior and junior Betwixt and Betweens can live and thrive.

Directly we consider the fact that Mr. Barrie numbers amongst his patrons both children and adults, and that each section of his public is equally enthusiastic, we are tempted to compare him with the only other writer who has enjoyed a similar popularity in such a marked degree—Hans Andersen. It is a matter for surprise to note some striking dissimilarities between these two men, both of whom worship the fairy muse, both of whom are nursery idols and drawing-room heroes. True, we find the divine spark of ambition alike in the Danish boy and the Scottish lad, but where in the one case it burst forth into a consuming fire, in the other it flickered up into a beacon blaze. Hans Andersen wasted some of the best years of his life by taking an absolutely distorted view of his genius, which he surveyed through the mirror of conceit; he believed he was destined to be a great novelist and a famous playwright, and as failure followed failure he adopted a very bitter attitude towards his critics; it was only after many heartrending disappointments that he consented to write the wonderful fairy tales which won for him the recognition he coveted. Then, too, he showed a very defiant spirit with regard to his humble origin, and even wrote a charming autobiographical allegory in order to ventilate his opinion that "it matters not being born in a duck-yard, when one is hatched from a swan's egg." Mr. Barrie, on the other hand, although he favors an "aristocracy of intellect," wants to show what a very delightful place a duck-yard can be, and what a very happy time can be spent there by the swan, and even by the duck if it does not make any pretensions to having been hatched from a swan's egg. The hostile attitude to the critics evinced by Andersen in *What the Moon Saw*, discovers a man with a very different temperament from that of the author of *Jimmy's Dream*, in which the punishment for killing the editor of the *St. John's Gazette* is a fine of five florins, or in default three days' imprisonment! And this difference of temperament is emphasized more strongly by a contrast between the irritable manner in which Andersen resented dramatic criticism and the humorous way in which Messrs. Barrie and Gilray settle the dramatic critics' account by that report from dreamland of the *matinée* of *School for Scandal*, given by the Critics' Dramatic Society, to "show how the piece should be played!" How then has it come to pass that two men with such obviously different personalities have been installed respectively as King of the Fairies and King of the Betwixt and Betweens? The one

marched into his kingdom by a very circuitous route, and the other made a bee-line for home, simply because of a difference in the adjustment of their mental qualities, and the inherent possession of the dramatic instinct in the Scotchman, which has made him a capable craftsman in the art for which the Dane was ill-equipped; yet to the inner vision of both men Nature appears the same in perspective, and every human being is revealed to them as something more than human. In *The Little White Bird*, some parts of which might have been written by Hans Andersen himself, and in *Peter Pan*, Mr. Barrie has shown that he, like Andersen, understands and can satisfy the demands made on the supernatural by all classes, irrespective of age or sex, and the mere fact that he has been able to transcend the superior claims of reason and commonsense in these very superior times by actually inciting people to make these demands encourages us to take an optimistic view of what his influence may achieve.

The critics, professional and otherwise, who regard Mr. Barrie with disfavor make various comments on his work which can all be resolved into the one general accusation that he is not stimulating. Since he usually lays his scene of action in homely surroundings and selects for his characters men and women in preference to oddities, this is equivalent to a complaint that home-life and the average human being must have a cramping effect on the development of individuality. Our author is a living witness to the fallacy of such an idea; but, leaving this evidence out of the question, let us meet the accusation in a broader spirit. Does not the value of stimulus depend to a very large extent on the reason for which the increased vital energy which it produces is desired? And, speaking generally, can it be said that the present-day craving for stimulus has any worthier object than the transient joys of excitement? Mr. Barrie knows that the most pressing need of the age in which he lives is a healthy outlook which will enable the modern to take a sane view of many things which are now being dwarfed into insignificance in the whirlpool of excitement, and he is bent on showing the enervating effects of a too bracing mental atmosphere; in *Little Mary* he even went so far as to hint that over-nutrition does not promote growth! If it is in the nature of stimulus to be wildly exciting, then Mr. Barrie is not exhilarating; but if its purpose is to incite to better things then he is undeniably invigorating. It must be remembered, also, that Mr. Barrie's policy is by no means a retrogressive one, for although it makes for simplicity it is quite in sympathy with the natural instinct for progress, and the strenuous efforts by means of which the way is cleared for a possible advance. His optimistic philosophy certainly runs on progressive lines. What are its salient points?

When Gavin and McQueen stood watching the curlers on Rashie-bog they heard "two weavers and a mason cursing the laird." Said Gavin, "A democracy at all events," and McQueen replied, "By no means, it's an aristocracy of intellect." Here we have the cause of intellectual aristocracy being upheld as superior to that of social democracy. When Babbie the Egyptian caressed poor Nanny, whom she saved from the "terrible enjoyable" experience of being well-fed in the poorhouse, we get the Barrie aside, "There are those who say that women cannot love each other, but it is not true. Woman is not undeveloped man, but something better." Mr. Barrie evidently does not want to send women back into slavery. Again we read, "A great writer has spoken sadly of the shock it would be to a mother to know

her boy as he really is, but I think she often knows him better than he is known to cynical friends. We should be slower to think that the man at his worst is the real man, and certain that the better we are ourselves the less likely he is to be at his worst in our company." Mr. Barrie undoubtedly believes in original goodness, and in the magnetic power by which the individual at his best attracts all that is best in human nature. And yet again we are told that "The most gladsome thing in the world is that few of us fall very low; the saddest that, with such capabilities, we seldom rise high." Surely the conception of greater possibilities heralds the dawn of a desire for their attainment. Confronted by such evidence, how is it possible to call Mr. Barrie unstimulating, uninspiring? Only on one point would we break a lance with him, and that is his theory with regard to the nature of heroism. When the Little Minister takes that plucky leap across the flooded stream in order to go to the rescue of Lord Rintoul, his bitter enemy, Mr. Barrie asks, "Was it brave of Gavin to jump?" And he goes on to argue that it would have been better if Gavin had allowed his reasoning faculties to crush the physical impulse, remarking "of the two kinds of courage, however, he did not then show the nobler . . . he should have remembered Margaret and Babbie, his mother and his beloved. The man who risks his life, feeling that its loss will affect nobody but himself, is merely a sportsman; he needs love to make him a coward before he can become a hero." We justify Gavin's action by the Emersonian theory that "There is somewhat not philosophical in heroism; there is somewhat not holy in it. . . . Nevertheless we must profoundly revere it. . . . Heroism feels and never reasons, and therefore is always right." And we point out the fallacy of Mr. Barrie's argument in this particular instance, because we feel that he is sufficiently stimulating to effect a change in modern conditions of life whereby the Margarets and Babbies will have a greater influence over man than is possible in the complex and perplexing social vortex in which they are now being baffled and buffeted.

In summarizing any philosophy the critic naturally turns to the philosopher's latest treatise to see whether he has any new theory to advance or any fresh evidence to bring forward in support of former theses. Approaching *Punch* and *Josephine* in this spirit we must be prepared for slight disappointment which is easily explained. The new drama of ideas, or, in other words, the philosophical drama, demands not only that the author shall allow his characters to talk naturally, but that the artist shall conceive a possible starting-point from which those characters must inevitably make their way into situations that act as a natural force in the development of a central idea. With a Punch and Judy show for a starting-point it would be impossible to develop in one scene any central idea about the new drama, for Punch and Superpunch are separated by many acts. Mr. Barrie could only state facts in one act, and this he has done in his own whimsical way with an underlying current of pathos. In that it upholds the supremacy of an "aristocracy of intellect" his toy tragedy is stimulating, but we are a little disappointed that Punch does not produce any evidence to convince us that modern dramatic convictions are making for progress. As a political satirist Mr. Barrie shows a tendency to be ultra-diplomatic, which probably explains why he chose to give us a witty narrative of modern politics in the form of a *revue*. Here again we wish that he had found the right starting-point to lead up to a dramatic satire, but perhaps it would be unwise to ask him

why he did not give us something less subtly stimulating than *Josephine*. With his keen sense of humor he would probably reply with a witticism respecting the reconciliation of Drama, Politics, and a Central Idea.

A point of even more importance to decide than whether Mr. Barrie is stimulating is whether his view of life is a practical one. As an advocate of the simple life, he by no means occupies a unique position. Simplicity as a cult, as a hobby, as a topic of conversation, and as a subject of journalistic interest, has a large number of enthusiastic adherents; even as a practice it has its supporters, some of whom are to be congratulated on the Garden City scheme, whilst others merely use it as a disguise for honorable poverty, or as a lame excuse for a badly-managed household, where untidiness and ill-cooked meals are supposed to be indicative of an all-pervading artistic temperament; but it was Mr. Barrie who originated the doctrine by which simplicity and home-life assume a definite relationship, and he still remains its most convincing exponent. "This family affection, how good and beautiful it is," says the author of *A Window in Thrums* in that emotional picture of "The Last Night" which Jamie spent with those whom he was so soon to forget were his nearest and dearest. Again, in *The Little Minister*, we find the fascination of home throbbing in a more pathetic strain. The doctor who goes to Nanny's humble abode to take her away to the poorhouse because she can no longer afford to pay for her little cottage says to her, "You will be very happy in it," and Nanny replies, "Ay, I'll be happy in't, but, doctor, if I could just hae bidden on here though I wasna happy!" Now, granted that this home-life is as ideal as Mr. Barrie would have us believe, is it within reach of all, or is it only a luxury for the few in these days when woman is being driven by circumstance or impelled by desire to take an active part in the world's affairs? The Barrie point of view is a goal by which every one can reach home, and Mr. Barrie's artistically implied suggestions for the outcast who wants to get back to the fireside shelter are quite practical but hardly comprehensive. He has shown clearly how, by the exercise of a little moral courage and reasonable denial of the unnatural self, modern conditions may be adapted to home-life, but so far he has not yet essayed to suggest how the home may be brought up-to-date and adapted to modern conditions. If only Mr. Barrie could bring himself just for once to draw on his muse for an artistic exposition of that healthy modern rebellious spirit which scoffs at the importance of trivialities, and to illustrate by means of a witty, humorous, pathetic, and satirical drama how many narrowing details of home-life could be banished without undermining its charm, he would strike the death-blow to the freedom of "my place," and rescue the English home from the threatened danger of annihilation.

An analysis of Mr. Barrie's appeal leads to the conclusion that he has a particular gift for disentangling the primal elements of human nature from the web of culture and civilization without doing violence to the feelings of the most complex personality entrapped in that web; moreover, he endows the simplicity which he unravels with very attractive qualities whereby it stands out in striking contrast to the inane and stupid vision usually conjured up by the first mention of the word. Then, too, he has a refined nature which can appreciate all those little delicacies of feeling that prompt obedience to an instinct which is twin-born with perfect sympathy, and towards the ideal of refinement the modern is groping his way through the ed-

ucational maze. Where a less sensitive nature would resort to ridicule in an attempt to expose the follies of the age in which he lives, Mr. Barrie expresses himself in good-natured satire which is akin to humor, and as a well-developed sense of humor implies liberal-minded judgment, he is allowed to try cases in open court, the hearing of which would in other circumstances be suppressed by that influential defendant, the British public. By his realistic treatment of the imaginative and his poetic interpretation of the purely objective, he satisfies at one and the same time the human, conscious longing which can be reasonably accounted for, and the superhuman, subconscious craving for which there is only a mystical explanation. Above all, he knows that the one desire which dominates humanity at its best is a yearning for love, but he never allows what is essentially a vigorous emotion to degenerate into a mere sentiment; and although he is brave enough to confess a truth which the great majority would fain conceal, he has an intense sympathy with the awe which is inspired by affection even when that mysterious fear is exhibited as an awkward and deceptive shyness. To sum up Mr. Barrie's achievements and his possibilities, it may be safely asserted that his success is due to the fact that he has a genius for *seeing through* men and things, and for so depicting the actual that it has become a dangerous rival to itself in modern disguise; his future popularity depends on whether his public have a sufficient sense of humor to go on laughing at themselves till they have the courage to become what they really are. Apart from his theories, his distinctive style, with its human qualities, will always ensure for him sympathetic friends, but it is not one man alone but every supporter of a reasonable simple-life reform who has much to fear from those who spread the very misleading idea that it is necessary to *live down* to Mr. J. M. Barrie.

Edith A. Browne.

The Fortnightly Review.

WILD WHEAT.

By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Author of "Lychgate Hall," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

A COMPACT.

Peter was provided with a gun of his own; one which he had not scrupled to take away, as it had been a gift from his father. Therefore, though Keeper Meadway duly introduced him to the gunroom, the visit was a merely perfunctory one; and they were about to set forth for the coverts when a messenger summoned them to Miss Manvers' presence.

She was in the garden, barefooted as before, but not paddling. She was much flushed, and seemed out of breath, and proceeded to account for these symptoms after a brief salutation.

"I'm a bit puffed," she observed. "I've just been doing my hour's running—rather trying at my age; but it's an essential part of the treatment."

She spoke to Peter, who made no reply, being, in fact, entirely preoccupied with anxiety concerning Nathalie's whereabouts; and his superior took upon himself to answer for him.

"If you'll excuse me, mum," said Meadway, raising a deprecatory finger to his forelock, "I'd drop these 'ere new-fangled notions, I would. 'Tis terr'ble dangerous at your time o' life,

mum, to be a-gettin' of yourself in sich a heat, an' then to go a-standin' barefoot on the damp grass."

"That's all *you* know about it, Meadway," responded Miss Manvers cheerfully. "It's going to make me young again, I tell you—get all the stiffness out of my joints. You won't know me in a month or two; I shall be running after you all, and poking you up when you're lazy, and popping down on you when you least expect it—see if I don't."

Meanwhile the poor old lady certainly presented an exhausted appearance; her face was streaming with perspiration, her attire disordered, and when she presently made a few steps towards Peter a distinct limp was perceptible.

"Well, Hounsell, and how are you getting on? I want to see how you look now that you are a keeper. That's why I sent for you. H'm—you don't look very like a keeper yet, but when you get your clothes it will make a difference. By-the-by, you must see about getting measured for them—you know you are entitled to a suit of clothes every year? It's your perquisite."

This was a touch of ignominy which Peter had not expected, and his face betrayed his feelings.

"Aha!" cried the old lady, throwing out an accusatory finger. "Caught you, have I? I took your measure yesterday, young man, in another kind of way. You are not in earnest. This is just a bit of nonsense—your heart is not in the business."

At that moment Nathalie approached from the house, and Peter instantly pulled himself together.

"On the contrary, madam," he cried, "my whole heart is in the business, I will get measured for the clothes to-day."

As he spoke he looked at Nathalie, who did not, however, raise her eyes from the cup which she was carrying.

"Ah, my hay-tea!" remarked Miss Manvers. "Have you ever heard of hay-tea, Meadway? It's an excellent drink, and remarkably cheap. You should get your missus to make you some. The closer we go to Nature the better it will be for us in every way—the better for our bodies and our souls, too. The beasts are innocent enough, aren't they, Meadway?"

The keeper, relaxing into a grin, remarked that he would allow some of 'em was; but not varmint. No, he couldn't say as varmint was innocent.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed his mistress. "Vermin only obey the dictates of Nature. Nature is always innocent, if left to itself; Nature is always wise. Now, what do the beasts do? They run about a great deal; and they walk through streams, and stand in the water when it's hot; and when it rains and they get wet they don't worry about it, but just wait patiently till they dry of themselves. Then they eat grass, and the wholesome juices of the earth do them a lot of good, do you see, Meadway? Well, the Abbé Kneipp follows Nature, and I follow the Abbé Kneipp; and as I can't eat grass in its natural state, I drink hay-tea. I really think it would be a very good thing if more people drank hay-tea. Now, do think of it, Meadway. Tell Mrs. Meadway it's extremely simple to make—you have only just to put a handful of hay in a jug and pour on boiling water. I am sure your wife ought to try it, too; she looks delicate, poor thing! And Prue—it would certainly do Prue good."

Mr. Meadway, with a stifled guffaw, returned that he didn't think them notions would suit the likes of him and his family; and a heated argument ensued, Meadway's long service and Miss Manvers's own bluntness entitling him, as he conceived, to greater plainness of speaking than is usual from a dependent to his superior.

Meanwhile Peter, profiting by the old lady's preoccupation, had drawn near to Nathalie, who, after handing the cup to Miss Manvers, had turned as if to re-enter the house. She dropped her parasol—possibly intentionally—a pace or two away from him, and he hastened to pick it up.

"When?" he whispered breathlessly, as he handed it to her.

"What do you mean?" she returned, shrinking.

"You said if I became underkeeper here I should see you every day. When will you see me—to-day?"

She looked at him in a kind of terror. Peter's face was set, determined; he looked years older than when she had last spoken to him on the Downs—altogether unlike the Peter she knew.

"You said every day," he repeated relentlessly. "When will you meet me to-day, and where? I have fulfilled my part of the compact—you must keep to yours."

"At seven, then, by the beech-tree," she stammered; "but I don't promise ——"

"Nathalie!" called Miss Manvers at this juncture. "Where are you, child? I want you to tell Meadway how much better I am since I began the Kneipp cure. Why do you always stand behind me when you know this horrid stiff neck of mine prevents my looking round?"

Nathalie was by her side in a moment, but not before she had stolen another glance at Peter. He did not seem elated at her concession; on the contrary, he seemed to claim it as a right. He looked at her almost threateningly as he, too, turned away.

"All this 'er messin' wi' cold water don't seem to ha' done much for your rheumatics, mum," remarked Meadway. "A drop of embrocation and a bit o' noo flannel 'ud do ye a deal more good."

Nathalie, however, upheld her cousin, and endeavored, half-playfully, half-satirically, to convince the keeper; being conscious nevertheless, all the time of Peter's silent, unbending presence.

What did the man mean, she asked herself, what did he want? She was actually beginning to feel afraid of him.

She was glad when Miss Manvers, growing suddenly tired of the discussion, abruptly dismissed the two keepers; but all that day she was haunted by a nightmare-like sense of oppression and increasing fear.

Peter was already at the rendezvous when she arrived, and received her with the same stern gravity which had marked his attitude of the morning.

"Let us sit down," she said, after they had clasped hands; indeed, she was trembling so much that she could not very well have remained standing. Even her voice was unsteady.

Peter sat down beside her in silence.

"Well?" she said, with an attempt at lightness.

"Well?" repeated he, very gravely and resolutely. "I have made the sacrifice—now I claim the reward."

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"I mean that you must now give up trifling with me. I have cut myself off for ever from my own home and my own people, because you bade me——"

"I!" she interrupted, with a little shriek. "Oh, Mr. Hounsell, do not be so foolish! I never——"

"It is quite useless to deny it," said Peter, his steady determination breaking down her attempted equivocation as his strong hand might have broken down a barrier of straw. "You know what you said. I have acted upon it. Now *you* must act."

She gazed up at him fascinated, unable for the moment to frame a reply.

"I am not going to put myself under your feet any more," he went on; "I'm

not going to weary you or to humble myself by saying the same thing over and over again. You know how I love you."

"And do you think," she broke out, with a pale smile, as he paused, "do you think that you can frighten me into loving you in return?"

"I am going to try to make you," said Peter.

She laughed once more, endeavoring to regain her self-possession.

"Mr. Peter Hounsell, you must not be absurd. I could not possibly guess that you would act upon words so lightly spoken. And now, surely you must see that you have made it more impossible than ever for me to have anything to say to you? How can I associate with the underkeeper?"

She meant to sting him, but his strong resolve steeled him against such petty stabs. As well might a wasp seek to wound a man in armor. Peter simply brushed the subterfuge aside.

"We won't discuss that point," he said calmly. "I have your promise—implied if not actually spoken—that under certain conditions, you would meet me every day. I have fulfilled these conditions, and I hold you to the compact."

"You want, I suppose," she cried, with a petulance that was very near to tears, "to marry me by force, and make me live at the Meadways' cottage?"

"I want nothing of the kind," he returned, in the same steady, even voice. "I would never ask you to marry me until I could make a home for you. I ask you to give me opportunities of seeing you, so that I may make you love me. When you love me as I love you, you will be ready to face the world with me. No man is worthy of the name of man who cannot make a fit home for the woman he loves. I can work like another"—half-unconsciously he spread out his vigorous hands—"I have brains, too, and I can use them."

She sat for a moment or two very still; but suddenly throwing back her head, burst out laughing, her mirth ringing out this time with a truer note.

"It is a trial of wills, I suppose?" she said. "Well, we shall see who conquers."

As she regained confidence he seemed to lose it.

"Do not make up your mind beforehand!" he cried pleadingly. "Give me a chance—a fair chance, like any other man. Remember, I have given up everything in the world for the sake of it."

She grew serious again, and her eyes fell.

"Surely, surely," went on Peter vehemently, "I must succeed. No one in all the world can love you as I do. I would die for you. I think what I am doing is almost worse than death."

"Oh, hush!" broke out Nathalie petulantly. "Will you never have done reproaching me? There, I will give you your chance. You shall see me as much as you will, for—let me see—for three months; till my birthday, let us say. But if when that time comes I—I am no nearer to you than before, then we must part. You must see for yourself that we could not go on like this for ever."

"Till your birthday!" he repeated, catching at the first part of her speech. "And when will that be?"

"In November—on the fifteenth of November. Oh, you foolish, foolish boy! It is all so wild, so silly! Why, I shall be twenty-six on that day. I am years older than you. My hair is already growing white."

As he laughed incredulously she stepped into the open space beside the tree, and snatched off her hat.

"But look, look! See how many white hairs I have!"

Peter stepped towards her, full of

timid joy at being permitted to draw so near to her, and saw that indeed there was almost as much silver as gold in that wonderful soft hair of hers. Possibly its peculiar ethereal radiance was due to the fact.

"It is beautiful!" he said fervently; adding, with sudden anxiety: "But why should your hair be white? Have you had an illness or trouble?"

"I have had trouble," she replied, with a quiver of the lip.

"Tell me about it," urged Peter impulsively.

"Never—oh, never! It is dead—buried; it shall never be dragged again from its grave!"

The cry seemed wrung from her, and she turned away abruptly.

"Well," said Peter tremulously, after a moment, "I can only hope and pray that some day you will give me the right to comfort you. I said I would not put myself under your feet any more, but I did not mean it. I am at your feet always—always—your lover, your slave."

Nathalie gazed at him with that queer little secret smile of hers. "I do believe you love me; it would be well if I could bring myself to love you. I am so lonely, so dependent; at any moment I may be cast off and driven out into the world."

"I almost wish that could happen," cried Peter eagerly; "for then you would be forced to come to me."

She smiled again without replying; but the smile was so sweet, and her eyes so kind, that Peter had to put a strong check on himself to keep his ardor within bounds.

"And now I am going," said Nathalie; "and I will come again to-morrow—perhaps. I do not promise every day—it may not be possible to come every day; but I promise you shall see me often."

Peter stood looking after her till she disappeared amid the undergrowth, enraptured, intoxicated, and yet bewildered. The prize was almost within his grasp, he thought, and yet how baffling she was. Might she not elude him even at the last?

Longman's Magazine. (*To be continued.*)

THE PARSON AND HIS FLOCK.

The stonecutter who carved upon a headstone, "A virtuous woman is 5s. unto her husband," had sense on his side. A "crown" is an abstraction too vague to serve as a standard of value; "5s." gave a practical basis of appreciation. The same thing is true elsewhere. Electricity is a vast force that pervades the universe. But its cosmic character does not concern us in dealing with a particular electric installation. What does it cost and how much light does it give? That is the question. The nearest gas works give a measure of comparison that can be applied by a practical workman who knows no more of electricity in its larger sense than a telegraph boy.

Any attempt to estimate the value of the Church in the balance-sheet of England is generally regarded as a sort of impiety, like, for instance, the suggested test of the efficacy of prayer upon the odd or even inmates of a given hospital ward. The Church represents religion and religion is inestimable.

But the Church for our present purpose is a particular religious installation, and "religion" is in no way impugned by an attempt to estimate her illuminating power — that is, her in-

fluence upon conduct. Her efficiency has to be judged of by her success in making men better, just as the efficiency of any light whatever has to be judged of by the degree to which it makes objects more visible.

I have mentioned the balance-sheet of England. National conduct is one of the principal assets of a nation and is negotiable on the international exchange. Russia's misfortunes may be traced directly to her national corruption. Imperial France went to ruin in collision with Germany because her people were not honest enough themselves to be able to exact honesty from their rulers. It is the want of personal integrity among the Spanish people that has waterlogged the galleon of Spain. The Church is the official manufacturer of conduct. Education, the pulpit, ubiquity of local influence backed up by social pressure, the weight of corporate wealth, the vast advertisement afforded by churches and cathedrals in every centre of population, inherited association, unique opportunities of entrance within the guarded circle of family life at each principal crisis of existence—the whole of this enormous manufacturing plant is possessed or directed by the Church. Is her output satisfactory?

Feathers show which way the wind blows. Let us toss up a handful at random.

Company promoters are highly representative. Sharks feed largely on shark fry. The bulk of the unit gives an idea of the number of his species. Contractors are the cream of the mercantile class. A century and a half ago Voltaire was asked to tell a story of robbers. It was brief. "*Il y avait une fois un Fermier-général.*" Read "Contractor" and the story is up-to-date. To judge by what the bishops and the Press have been saying lately, commerce is homogeneous. It is rotten all through. House dealing, horse dealing, picture dealing,—ask any one who has had an outsider's experience of these walks of life whether they do not *reek* of fraud. Adulteration is all but universal. Respectability in the shopkeeping class is a white sheet thrown over practices which infect the air employés have to breathe. Shopmen must lie or live. Shopgirls who answer honestly questions put to them by Government inspectors are turned into the street. How capital treats labor let the London poor declare. Morality, even in the country, is a veneer. Intemperance hardly takes the trouble to walk straight at noonday. The rights of the poor are annexed by the rich with an effrontery of impudence that almost staggers belief. The Bishop of Salisbury has just called his laity to account in a letter which reads like a confession of failure. Debt, drink, impurity, gambling, extravagance, shifty, lying customs of trade or business, reciprocal failure of duty of servants and masters — on all these points the bishop feels apparently that the ordinary machinery of the Church is powerless to control the conduct of her lay members. Yet there is a Church and a clergyman in every village of his diocese, and the population is mostly rural and generally dependent upon landowners and landholders who are, almost without exception, not only churchmen but churchgoers.

It is a curious coincidence that the very next paragraph in the local newspaper to that condensing the bishop's protracted cry of despair, describes the "tremendous enthusiasm" with which the General of the Salvation Army was welcomed in one of the largest towns of his lordship's diocese. The Church possesses innumerable advantages which the "Army" does not. Why is it that "the common people" hear one gladly and are as coldly indifferent to the teaching of the other as if it came out of a gramophone?

The reason is this. The "common people" are ninety-five per cent of England. The clergy belong to the other five, the "gentry."

Sir Walter Scott talks of the "table-land of gentility." Let me call it, for short, the "plateau," and go to another poet for the "plain" that surrounds it. (Tennyson. "Palace of Art.") Now the laws of the plateau forbid *familiarity* with the plain. The clergy, like the rest of the gentry, may go among the poor when business calls them. But they must not put off the plateau uniform. If they do, they are liable to be hanged like Major André, but by their own camp as deserters, not by the others as spies. This uniform is aloofness, the garb which keeps from contact the skin of the two classes.

Go among the poor as much as he may, the clergyman of the Church of England is nothing more than a diver who takes his atmosphere with him. That is the only way he can breathe when he has left his own element, and his element is gentility.

Marriage may serve as a rough test. The clergy very rarely indeed marry among the poor, most rarely into the country laboring class which has been for centuries the special field of clerical activity. Either the degradation of this class is so complete that its female members have lost altogether the attractions of "womanhood" in the higher sense of the word, or else there is between the rustic laboring poor and the country clergy a social barrier too high for even love to overleap. Such a barrier exists between the English and the native population of India. And the consequence is that our influence in India extends exactly as far as our power.

The Church goes into the rough and tumble fight between good and evil, hampered hand and foot with a complication of social cordage that would make a Samson or a Sandow powerless. God is no respecter of persons. A clergyman is compelled to be so, and that in accordance with a scale of infinitely fine graduation. His energies are wasted in the solution of social problems. He has to perform operations of delicate spiritual surgery while his feet keep time among eggs to a jig piped by the Prince of the World. Let us take a few typical and common instances.

I borrow from one of Miss Lily Dougal's delightful novels a succinct statement of a case of common occurrence. New people, churchgoers, have taken a house just "too big for district-ing and too small for visiting." Its inmates match it. They are kindly folk, but obviously not on the plateau. The problem for solution is how to act so that they may have no cause whatever to complain of want of pastoral attention, and at the same time may understand that the vicarage is not open to them socially; how to "ban" with one hand and welcome with the other.

Then there is the schoolmaster. Dr. Jessopp has invoked the sympathies of a wide and intelligent circle of readers for the deadly isolation and monotony of the life of a country clergyman. What is it compared with the existence of a country schoolmaster? The parson's sufferings are soothed by universal deference, his cloth protects him against the rudeness of the lower classes, and is an acknowledged passport to the courtesies of the higher. His work is exactly as easy as he chooses to make it. The schoolmaster's work is hard, it galls him constantly to the raw. He cannot do his duty without exciting dislike. His education has raised him to a certain intellectual level and left him there. As cliff-climbers say, he is "crag-fast." It is easy enough for him to let himself drop down. The sporting farmer will be glad of his company over whisky

and water; he can be a private and welcome guest to the leading publican. But ascent is impossible without help from above. His mind is stored with knowledge of no possible use to him except in connection with a blackboard. Want of social usage makes him awkward, shy where he should be self-assertive, arrogant where complaisance seems a matter of course. All he wants is friendly association with people who know how to apply knowledge to the art of living. In a twelvemonth he would have learnt the trick (*"il segreto per essere felice"*), and his teaching would embody it. Suppose him to be made welcome by the vicar as a brother laborer, introduced as a friend to visitors at the vicarage, *treated* as a friend. It is unsupposable. Everybody knows that the social distinction between parson and schoolmaster is rigidly maintained. Socially speaking, the schoolmaster is a pariah. Given this position, the problem is how to make the school a socially elevating influence in the village. It is one generally given up.

In many villages the "school-teacher" is a recurrent phenomenon. She is often a bright-faced creature, just at the age when a girl wants "mothering," ready to assimilate and reproduce all gracious social teaching. She is provided with respectable lodgings, kept up to her work and, socially, left to herself. The *highest* teaching is, of course, not only open to her, but pressed upon her. She has to be a regular attendant at the parson's numerous services. The Church is generous in her participation of the gifts of the Spirit. But she cannot say "what I have I give unto thee." She keeps back something more precious to her than what she gives. It is social position.

The Church has it in her power to make the teachers in her schools "ladies and gentlemen," to help to bring about at least by one step that happy consummation of culture when the highest qualities connoted by those two words shall be common to all classes. She uses her power in exactly the other direction, that of social exclusion. Here is a short story recently told in print by one divine of another, both names being given. It sums up what I have been trying to say.

A clergyman called upon a tradesman to urge him to a certain course in a religious crisis. The tradesman declined, with the expression of a polite hope to see his visitor again "as a friend." "When I call upon *friends*, I call upon gentlemen, not upon tailors," said the representative of Him who "came to visit us in great humility." The clergy put on the whole armor of gentility in their intercourse with the plain. The plain-dwellers appear by their reception of the Salvation Army to be ready enough to be taken to the warm arms of Christianity made manifest in humanity. They do not enjoy being enfolded in the crustacean embrace of a lobster.

Notice the bearing of the average cleric in contact with people not manifestly of the plateau. Say in a third class carriage. His whole manner says, "I travel third class; but if you think I am a third class person you are very much mistaken." If accompanied by the ladies of his family, the attitude of the group is actively repellent. His wife is no more a snob than other people, but she has been drilled into the belief that to keep up her husband's position is the way in which she can best perform the wifely duty of being a "help-meet for him." Let any female, not in the garb of poverty which protects from misapprehension of social relations, but not bearing in her dress any distinctive manifestation of wealth, accost the wife of a clergyman. She *bristles* with mistrust. The fear of being compromised socially par-

alyzes all natural and human feeling. No one now beyond middle life can fail to have noticed the change that within his memory has passed over clerical manner. The old genial *bonhomie* of the man who felt himself to represent a message of goodwill to all mankind, has been replaced by a bearing modelled upon that of the late Cardinal Manning, "The cast-iron Cardinal." It may probably be assumed to enhance the value of special clerical caresses, but it is a panoply that isolates its wearer from his brothers at large. I once had an interview with an eminent clergyman. It was not of a contentious sort, but I thought afterwards of the story in the Morte d'Arthur of how Sir Percival came across a lion and a dragon engaged in a deadly struggle and instinctively took the lion's side, as the "more kindly" beast, the one most akin to man. Had I ever chanced to see that bishop grappling with a burglar, I suppose I should have gone to his lordship's aid, but I should have felt none the less that the burglar was the "more *kindly*" of the two.

How is it that this attitude towards nineteen-twentieths of humanity has become the characteristic of the clergy at large, instead of being, as it was formerly, the unamiable peculiarity of a few morose or pharisaical individuals?

The explanation I think is this. Up to comparatively recent times the Church possessed, if not the fact, at least the traditional prestige of actual authority. Her power to punish entitled her to the respect a soldier shows his officers. Now the garb of real authority can be very lightly worn. The parson's affability sprang naturally from his consciousness of an unquestioned right to rule. Public opinion has removed this right and the old affability has gone with it.

There is another reason. The Church has lost all pretence of exclusive *expertise*. The knowledge possessed by the clergy, and supposed to have been attained by a long and expensive course of study, was once believed to give them the same competence in the navigation of the spiritual ship as is possessed by mariners in possession of a master's certificate. The crew could do no more than haul at the ropes and take their trick at the wheel. All this is exploded. Charts are thumbed over in the fo'ksle and the cook can take an altitude as well as the skipper. The officers are no longer entitled to the respect naturally shown to knowledge and authority. It is perhaps excusable that they should cling with double determination to the privileges of the quarter deck and the society of the first class passengers. But do they earn the immense pay they receive?

Immense pay! "A miserable pittance," not more than one hundred and twenty pounds a year in most cases! Well, compare that with the Continent. Go a step further, compare that with the wage paid to a farm laborer. The very parson who bewails his poverty in the papers will tell you that a carter with fifteen shillings a week is very well off. Compare the work they do. The carter nine hours a day, no holidays, out of doors, fine weather or foul. The parson *five*, no supervision, except for his walk to church no exposure. The pay one shilling and sixpence an hour to the cleric, three pence halfpenny to the ploughman. Is not the clergyman's what they call "a soft job?"

But he has to keep up "the position of a gentleman." He lives on the plateau, and he must conform to its sumptuary laws. *Where is the necessity?* Suppose our clerical budget of one hundred and twenty pounds to be apportioned in this way: twenty pounds insurance; twelve pounds poor; ten pounds house repairs; eight pounds ex-

tras. The seventy pounds *left* make him nearly twice as rich as his neighbor in actual money, *plus* leisure. The parson when he takes orders knows perfectly well what his chances are. The Church may possibly give him wealth, will, probably, give him what he calls "only a pittance." If he is a man, he will accept it without unmanly wailing, will take his poverty as a gift from God. He should be contented to live like a laboring man, and he has time to teach his children.

Stop. There is the rub. How about the future of his children? I say that he should educate his children to be the leaven of the laboring class. What is the good of shoving a responsibility a generation on? If your children are on the plateau, your grandchildren will be of the plain. D'Urbervilles are plenty in country villages. It is better to step down in your strength than fall in your weakness. "Not in *our* time, Lord!" That is what it comes to.

The country clergy have hitherto taken the degradation of the country laborer as a matter of course. They have ministered to his soul, they have dribbled doles to his body, but they have left his social position alone. The first poor country parson who deliberately brings up his own boys to be country laborers will put a screw-jack under the whole class. All England will see that the position will have to be raised until it is compatible with self-respect. "Your pride, your darling pride, make *that* your sacrifice." A peasant priesthood, marrying among the poor and elevating by the *possibility* of election to the position of the parsons' wife the whole standard of the present village maiden, feeding the ranks of labor with sturdy rustics brought up in a healthy home atmosphere, with housemaids who sweep the floors "as by God's laws" and think of something beyond penny fashion papers, if the Church could give England this, she would be doing a work that might save England at the same time that it propped her own trembling fabric.

The marks of decadence upon her now are clear for all eyes to see. Her position was tersely summed up the other day by the Vicar of Windsor, reported in the *Daily Mail*, "The worship of God needs money." To live righteously costs much. But it is not money that it costs. "The worship of God" as understood by the Church is a matter of L. s. d. "The worship of God needs money!" The Church cries it aloud in every village. Altar furniture, organs, choirs in surplices, flowers *bought* for the decoration of the sanctuary, *anything* to induce the people to come and "worship God." And when every church is a model of ecclesiastical completeness, a bishop complains that his laity are on the path of perdition. The *culte* of the quarter deck is carried to such a point that the navigation of the national ship is seriously impeded. An A.B. is of small account compared with a "swab" who salutes the sacred planks in a way that flatters the vanity of the genteel promenaders. Conduct is nothing compared with worship. Let us try to get to the bed rock. What would be the result upon the supply of candidates for ordination, supposing the Church no longer to offer a genteel social position as an advantage inseparably attached to Holy Orders? It would fall off. To lower class candidates social promotion is the principal inducement. Those already on the plateau would decline to enter a profession not *necessarily* that of "a gentleman." If the apostles and their early followers had been men of this sort, Christianity would have died in its cradle.

The Church, possessing the churches and cathedrals, has almost the monopoly of what she calls "worship." Her

success in obtaining worshippers is the justification she offers to England of her cost to the State. She attracts them by her "pomp of worship." And this needs money. It comes from the genteel classes who support the Church because she supports them by her practice and example in an insolence of exclusiveness which is making England hateful to the best of the English poor. But she cannot afford to alienate them by austerity. So she makes a compromise. Only worship—"we do the rest" (as the Kodak Co. says).

It is amazing that England has not yet generally applied the words of Bishop Heber's missionary hymn to her own official worship. "The heathen in their blindness Bow down to wood and stone." The material church in nearly every village is an idol of wood and stone, bedecked with pagan frippery and worshipped with pagan pomp and pagan ritual. That it is worshipped from the inside and not the out does not constitute an essential difference. The church is no longer a meeting house for prayerful Christians. It is a temple for the ritual worship which has taken the place of the Christian life. The sacerdotal pretensions of the English Church have gone up exactly in the ratio that her claims to legal authority, to exclusive knowledge, and to influence upon national conduct have gone down. They are unreasonable because they rest professedly not upon reason but upon faith. Faith to an individual may be the highest motive of conduct. It proves itself in his heart. To a nation it can never be anything more than a mischievous cry. If it is maintained nationally it becomes persecution. If it is (as in England) acknowledged officially without any national attempt to act it out in conduct, it infects with unreality the whole religious thought of the people. It is upon official faith in her sacerdotal pretensions that the English Church now rests. Official support removed, she would fall to pieces. History is blazed at intervals with revivals of early Christian practice. St. Francis, Lollardism, Lutheranism, Puritanism, Port Royal in France (when "*le christianisme reparut austère et grave; le monde revit avec étonnement la face pâle du Crucifié*"), the Wesleys at the close of the eighteenth century, the Salvation Army of to-day, all mark the emergence of the original type. Self denial is one of its notes. I have asked what would be the effect upon the supply of candidates for orders if the Church ceased to offer the inducement of social position. I ask now what would be the effect of her demanding from her future *officers* the same renunciation that the Salvation Army requires from its *rank and file*. The men give up liquor and tobacco. The women also give up "dress." A paper the other day described a garden party given by the Bishop of Winchester to his clergy. A casual observer, said the reporter, might have taken it for a garden party at Marlborough House. The dresses were just as fashionable if not quite so costly. These ladies naturally dress for the world they belong to, for the plateau, not for the plain. But village girls have the faculty of imitation quite as strongly as their betters. Is there anything more comical than to hear a clergyman in apparently robust health, who smokes like a chimney, recommending to the young men of his parish the teetotalism which "the doctor" does not allow him to practise? "They do take we for fools," observe the listeners, grinning to one another. But the parson is quite unconscious of the humor of the position.

Would the vocation of the average candidate for orders survive such a self-denying ordinance as this? I wish some bishop would be sporting enough to try.

This article has already exceeded the

limits I proposed to myself on beginning it. Let me sum up shortly.

Some nineteen-twentieths of the English people are officially supplied with religion by a small fraction of the genteel class which forms the other twentieth. This fraction is distinct in habits of life and of thought from the mass of the population, from which it is kept apart by caste restrictions as severe as those which govern the relations of Brahmin and Sudra. The form of religion it offers mechanically is practically obsolete and is only accepted by the force of old habit. It remains as a distinct element in English life, not contributing at all, or in the very slightest degree, to the formation of conduct, with which it is hardly associated in general thought. This view, if accepted, would naturally lead to the question of how far a sweeping change of agency might render religion more efficacious in raising the national character which appears now to be distinctly decadent. The Salvation Army gives us the spectacle of an agency which aims directly at the improvement of conduct. It demands renunciation and reformation, and it offers in return the love of God made manifest in the humility and the love which inspire its followers. The issue is a plain one, gentility, sacerdotalism and the "pomp of worship" on one side, *that* on the other, the Plain against the Plateau. To a casual observer, it looks as if the Church had better come down—while she can.

D. C. Pedder.

The Contemporary Review.

THE EXPIATION OF KINKOMETTA.

I.

In the long after-years when Kinkometta had left the West for ever, the one and only poet of the high prairies took her for the subject of a set of verses. He sent me a fair copy, and with it a letter in which he made his excuses for "a bad case of literary abduction." "We were in the midst of a debate on petty finance," wrote the bleached, bone-dry politician, whose epigrams have stuck like burrs to the personalities of Sir John A. Macdonald's ministers, "and listening to the wise and too weighty words of George Eulas. There never lived a man who was so good as George Eulas looks when talking petty finance. The house was as choky and dry as a patch of burnt-out bush on a hot June day. Not a vestige of humor in the world—except in the half-shut eyes of Sir John A., who was watching Wilfrid Laurier and hoping to see him jump up and shoulder his musket. The old lion loves the young lion as a father should love his son. But I lay a-dreaming of the West, the far, fair West; the rose-starred sea of grasses, the lapis-lazuli pools of water bitter as a dying man's sweat, the tinkling cry of a gopher, the spicy tang in the air of burning spruce-logs—all the sights, and sounds, and odors that are still a good half of my life, and were once all my living. The wood of this accursed seat in Parliament has long since entered into my soul; the politician has taken root in the poet. It was Oh, to be hay-making once more in the unfenced meadows of Kisikitchewan, the 'Swift-flowing River.' And yet—too well I know that, if the wish were granted, I should be sighing for Ottawa once more, and the joyous harrying of the sour-faced critics at the Speaker's wrong hand.

"Thinking these thoughts I looked up to the Galleries, and there was the West incarnate smiling at me inscrutably! I knew her at once. There was, and is, and shall be only one Kin-

kometta from Manitou's land. What they call a happy marriage has not changed her in the least. She still looks taller than she is; she still keeps her wonted silence, waiting for some word of heathenish inspiration; she is still virginal as a young poplar when the chinook blows through and the white side of every leaf is given to the sun. She has a little sturdy three-year old boy, and she suffers in a fire of love for the child, but never flinches at the flames. At all times there is a drop of the good old cold Indian blood in her mother's heart; the same that enabled her ancestors to stand silent at the stake. The little boy does not know how to cry; he was kneaded of iron, and some day she'll make steel of him. When I saw him he was marching up and down 'tending to be a captain with a wooden sword held erect. There was the stirring of a smile in her eyes when he saluted her, and I guessed that she wished me away—so as to be able to wreak her heart on him.

"Show her mother the verses and explain that they were scribbled within the precincts of the House, which accounts for their vileness. Then ask her for the last scene of the tragical comedy of Kinkometta and her Captain which the wise old lady—she'll never leave the West—revealed to me years and years ago. You know all but that last strange scene in the bedchamber. Hear and remember every word the old lady says—being English through and through she'll whisper most of it shamefacedly—and ride home across the high rim of the prairies, and, having first stabled and fed your horse, go to your study and close the door and stand at the westward window, and proudly thank the Manitou for the soul of Kinkometta."

Here the old poet ceased abruptly, and the politician reappeared. Therefore the fag-end of the letter may be taken as unread. But a word or two about his poem—and a line or two of it—should fill the place of a genealogical digression. It was idiotically entitled "The Fair Quadroon," because four paths—three highways and a by-way—of mankind's marching came together in the maiden's being. Many a suicide is buried at such racial cross-roads; the stake thrust through is labelled "heredity" in these latter days. For the old poet her mother's blood—half of the heart's beating—was the gift of a red rose sweet; the Scots blood in her—almost all the other half—was the guerdon of the purple thistle. "Largesse of wit and languor of grace" were, as he said in his most literary manner, the gifts of the poor French girl who more than a century ago journeyed into the setting sun of New France, and lived just long enough to become Kinkometta's great-great-great-grandmother. Last of all, in lines that may well be quoted, he sang how the long-forgotten Cree chief's daughter

. . . Did treasures bring
From prairie and from brake;
The columned dusk, the wild swan's wing,
The lonely glimmering lake,
The white Falls' startling solitude. . . .

There, in the last and best line, is heard the lyric cry of truth. It is true that this old poet's metaphors never aged into similes. But who could have guessed that he, who had never visited the Falls on the great river curving past far below her father's house, would have chanced on this vital metaphor of Kinkometta as the West incarnate—which she truly was for all her true friends, and always.

For one who sits a-fishing below the Falls (there are great gold-eye in the deep backward-circling pools) the sound of the waters, falling in a white flurry, becomes inaudible in a short while. Indeed, for hour after hour the sound is but the unperceived flowing out of

the under-silence—a background of tone against which the least of the river-voices stands out strangely clear. But, sooner or later and suddenly, that mighty under-tone asserts its power again, sweeps away every thought in its rhythmic flow, and becomes, as it was for those who first named the Falls, veritably the "Voice of the Manitou." I have often thought of it as the still great cry of the conscience of the West. More often still it has recalled the presence of Kinkometta, the maiden of sweet austerities and a purposeful silence.

When her mother read the poem and the letter, she shook her head once, twice. But she told me the ending of the story, conjuring up a fair still picture as she whispered it. Therefore the last of these witnesses may now be dismissed.

II.

When the Captain got out of the Regina-Prince Albert train at Mistowasis, and called for a porter, everybody on the platform turned to look at him. There was a touch of the parade-rasp in his well-preserved voice, and every wandering glance sought and found his face as at a word of command. In the circumstances it was not surprising that nobody observed the presence of a stray Chicago bagman who stood on the gangway between the first and second cars and playfully pointed a bottle at the crowd pistol-wise. On any other evening such a bottle with such a man behind it would have been welcomed as a shining omen of the boom which Mistowasis then expected—and still expects after the toil and moil of so many weary years. Sad to say, there is the silver smear of sage-weed in her broad pastures for a token of aridity, the American immigrants see it and pass by northward. But of the nineteen persons, most of them French half-breeds, who had assembled to see the train safely in and out, not one had ever hoped to see a soldier and a gentleman from the old country breaking his journey at the little wayside settlement.

"Porter!" cried the spruce old gentleman for the second time; whereupon the conductor shouted "All a-board!" and the train, which is a prairie-liner, as certain tall wagons are prairie-schooners, began to move out. By this time the crowd had made a half-circle about the stranger and his baggage, and one and all were busily engaged in an attempt to grasp his meaning. The pulse in the cheek of each tobacco-chewer jigged at fever-rate as he (or she, in one instance) considered the evidence in the case: White hair and a long gray moustache and set-up jest so—must be an oldish man and been in some force o' mounted police, like-enough. Calls for a porter, an' what's a *porter?* A stranger from the old country, sure*ly*. Good English clothes and a pile o' baggage—two big trunks, two grips, a gun case, one other case, and a queer metal tub covered over—guess he's a gentleman and has the dollars.

It was the saloon-keeper who was first to get to the point where reasoning ends and reckoning begins for every dweller in an unboomed township. He ceased to chew, and had made himself up to speak when a low voice of even sweetness was heard.

"Good evening, Madame Vachon," said the voice. The old tobacco-chewing half-caste woman turned and made way. Then the owner of the voice, a long slip of a girl, with dark hair tumbled about her shoulders, and a buggy whip lying along one arm, came within the half-circle. She took a long, steady look at the stranger, glanced at his baggage, and, to his vast astonishment, called him by his name and offered help. With those dark eyes of hers—large as a mosquito-hawk's, and as

keenly observant in the half-light—she had in that very moment read it on the label of the nearest piece of luggage.

That was how Kinkometta and her first Captain became acquainted. Never was she more of a friend-in-need to the child-like old soldier. Incredible as it may seem to those who do not know how the Englishman drops himself, or is dropped, at haphazard into this or that corner of the West, he had chosen Mistowasis as the end of his journey simply because the name on an emigrant's map caught his eye and kept his fancy. The mystery and aloofness of the wilderness breathed in its syllables for him from far away. He came without introductions and with none too many of those bright, ringing, golden coins which, in a land where every bit of money is a paper creased and crumpled and soiled with handling, have a value apart from the rate of exchange—are, in point of fact, silently accepted as symbols of the British character from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He brought seventy sovereigns in a little leather bag. It was all the old man's capital.

Why did he leave his home in England to find a homestead on the northern rim of the high prairies? The truth is not and never will be known; the secret, if the secret was ever told in the West, is locked safe in the heart of Kinkometta, and she will never tell. The West is full of Englishmen, good and bad, but mostly indifferent, who have never explained why and whence they journeyed out. As to what they have been the West is incurious; she is curious only as to what they are and will be to her. Indeed, the West is neither a land or a people, but a habit of the mind—the habit of keeping one's eyes fixed on the future, of gazing Westward, of ignoring the past, of turning one's back on the East.

The West undervalued the Captain from the first. On the very evening when Kinkometta rescued him from a net of petty troubles and drove him home to her father's house, he was weighed in the balance and found wanting in "horse-sense." After supper he and his host and two visiting ranchers sat by a little smoke-fire of chips (to keep off the mosquitoes) and talked together in the twilight. The alien dusk was thronged with unfamiliar sounds; the prairie owl's mellow reduplicated plaint, the far-off childish crying of a coyote, the frou-frou of the many wings of flighting wild duck, and —strangest of all to the English emigrant—the bassoon-like note of the mosquito-hawk's upward swoop. Hearing this last the Captain blurted out the question, "Can that be a bear?" The only answer was a blare of laughter from the two ranchers. Not to know the meaning of the sound was pardonable. But to have exposed his ignorance in so ridiculous a manner—such a lack of four-footed common sense could not be forgotten or forgiven. From the next morning on he was spoken of as "Old Man Cinnamon" by the young English-speaking bloods of the outlying farms and ranches. There is still one cinnamon bear left in the half-settled lands between the streams. But he wears a chain, and his home is in the yard of the barracks belonging to the F Division of the Mounted Police.

The ridiculous failure of his attempt to farm a quarter-section deepened this first impression of his uselessness to the West. Seventy pounds would have been the seed of a competence for life with several of the farmers in the neighborhood. But these were Scots, twice welded in the white-hot cold of bygone Canadian poverty—their grandfathers toiled in Ontario, their fathers at Red River—and knew the power of cash in a land without currency. They would have used this trifle of money

as powder is used in a cap—to set a-going some vast and portentous business. But the poor old Captain laid it out in machinery for which he never had any use, since his only crop could have been harvested with a scythe. A little sod-roofed hut that had been put up with the help of a "bee" was all he really owned at the end of a year. His credit had been dissipated in a number of small debts—one large debt would have been a kind of capital—and he was compelled to shoot his dinners or fish for them below the Falls. He had sold most of his possessions, and grew shabbier every day. But he was not unhappy—at any rate when out of doors. Every morning he had his cold tub; his health was fairly good; the older men treated him with courtesy; and Kinkometta was often his hunting companion.

The gift of womanhood had come to the child on a certain midsummer's day. It is so with all maidens who have Indian blood at heart. You ride at the end of May across a meadow of the prairies falling slowly towards the river. It is all a sea-green pleasance, a-ripple in the warm western wind. Ride there at the beginning of June and you shall see scarlet lilies without number, constellation after constellation, as far as the eyes can bear to see. It is the miracle of a summer's night when the dew of starshine is falling—this blushing of the virgin prairie. Even so is given the gift of womanhood to maidens with Indian blood at heart. (Perhaps that is why the ancient pairing-place of the Cree nation is at Lily Plain on the Qu'Appelle River.) Even so, Kinkometta grew to a woman between sunset and sunrise—and she put up her hair early in the morning.

The young men of Mistowasis soon—far too soon, thought her mother—became aware that this miracle had been wrought. They called on ridiculous pretexts, lounged in the porch in uncomfortable attitudes, and departed without speaking to the girl. The boldest in this puppet show of dangling lovers, hearing that Kinkometta had gone fishing with the Captain, decided that he would "go an' see if Ole Man Cinnamon could be shifted somehow." He got as far as the hedge of alders growing just above the gravel and boulders of the river-beach, and then hastily retreated.

"I guess Kinky's sot on Ole Man Cinnamon," said he to his confidential hired man that evening, "an' we uns 'll hev' to ride him out of Mistowasis on a rail. I seen 'em down below the Falls this a'ternoon, an' blamed if he wasn't palaverin' to her 'an she a-pawin' of his arm. An' him too old to be her father an' not worth a cent. . . . I guess it sh'ud be stopped. It ain't *right* fer a young gal, an' we old settlers has a duty. What say, Billy?"

Billy had much to say, and at last suggested that his friend the Deputy-Sheriff might be helpful. The pair sat up late spinning a web of intrigue wherein to snare the old man's failing footsteps.

But if they had heard and understood the conversation in the startling solitude below the Falls it is certain that the web would never have been wrought. The old man was telling Kinkometta a tale of frontier warfare in India; a tale of which he also had been a part. Their fishing-rods had been stuck into the bank in order that the tactics of the matter might be explained by the disposition of stones of various colors in a blank space of sand. When he came to tell of the final attack on the squat tower high in the hills, and of the flashing of Gourkha knives, and of the white smoke-flowers in every cranny of the stark precipice, and of the charge onwards and upwards—then she had been moved out of her aloofness and had laid her hand on his

arm. When the tale was over, when England had buried her dead in silence, the little sunburnt hand did not fly away. He looked at her face; her lips were quivering; the very soul of the maiden was at the brink of her eyes. Sorrow and gladness and a proud lament—the mood of England's mourning—were expressed in a single slowly gathering tear that was the jewel of her half-smile. Since she thus honored the death of a friend of his far-off youth, how must he honor her? He bowed his head and kissed the little hand that lay on his shabby sleeve. It was the kiss of heartfelt courtesy and an intellectual thing. And it consecrated this fair friendship between the brave, broken, foolish soldier and the girl wisely in love with the bravery of men, not with men at all.

III.

In the harvest-time Kinkometta and her mother travelled from the Mission to Regina and stayed at Government House for a month. Her father was in the Mackenzie country buying furs. "His Honor" was an old family friend, and "Madame," as it happened, fell in love with the tall, shy girl. "Ve will give for her ze honneur of a ball," said the little old French-Canadian lady, "and she s'all dance only wit ze go-od boys. Ah, not him," answering a look of the *aide* in blue-and-white uniform, and forgetting that she was really a pro-Queen, "he is ver' bad boy, so fo'-ward." A fortnight later Kinkometta had her dance, and, though several pink and white girls came out on that occasion, she was the arch-beauty—no doubt of it. Joy of living flushed her pale cheeks, flashed in her dark eyes; as she swayed in the dance His Honor compared her with the flower called prairie-smoke, which was a very pretty compliment. Once or twice in the evening she prattled gaily in Saskatchewan French to Madame, who insisted upon being her mother until supper-time. "You speak French like a l'ile stock-duck, ma chee-rie," said Madame, "and must come wit me and Hippolyte, His Honneur, to Quebec some days to learn our French. But it is ver' pretty talk, and thou also s'all teach us some tings at Quebec." Except with Madame she kept her wonted silence, and the pink and white girls thought her dull and by no means "smart," and sighed for a Lieutenant-Governor with an English-thinking wife. None the less Kinkometta's presence was always the central point, the cruxical nirvana of the whirling social wheel. They do dance tempestuously at the little home-like court in Regina, or did so—until the young men and maids of St. Paul and Minneapolis appeared there, creatures who, when seen together, suggest the sign of the dollar ($) and are too unlike in figure to waltz at the double.

Two or three hundred miles to the north the old Captain sat in a little room at the barracks of F Division, and thought of nothing whatever. The policeman at sentry-go in the quadrangle looked into his cell as he passed and spoke a word of good cheer, the honest, good fellow. "You're lookin' tired, sir," he said, and should turn in. We mean to have you out in a day at latest, sir." But the old soldier answered never a word. His face was a bloodless cypher and had shrunk strangely; his finger-nails were in mourning. So when Corporal Latter went off guard, he sent a message down town for the doctor, and when he arrived helped him to put the prisoner to bed. In the morning he was better and asked for a pencil to write a letter. The letter was written and smuggled out of the barracks to the person to whom it was addressed, though this was against the rules. In the afternoon the old Captain fell into a coma, and he was dead

of his shame before midnight. Next day the senior duty sergeant called a meeting in the "Rec" and all the men gave a day's pay to buy him a decent oak coffin. Not that any of them knew even so much as the style of his old regiment—it was sufficient to surmise from his bearing and manner of speech that he too had worn the Queen's coat. "When I was on patrol Mistowasis way," said Corporal Latter, "I met and talked with the old gentleman and saw he was no durn' quarter-section farmer. Wa-al, boys, the old Captain's taking up a new homestead—a six by three claim—and here's my dollar towards the registration fee. Why shouldn't each of us give him a day for the sake of the old country?"

That is one of the unofficial duties of the North-West Mounted Police—to give the forgotten stranger his unremembered grave.

But how came the old man to be arrested? Billy's plot had worked out with the devilish deftness of a tragical play by Sardou. His trifling debts had been brought up, and then an affidavit had been sworn before a magistrate to the effect that he was preparing to leave the country. A warrant could then be obtained and the Deputy-Sheriff, who was too easily hoodwinked, was sent down to arrest the intending fugitive. The Deputy, with the blue paper in his hip-pocket, drove to Mistowasis in his buggy, and, as luck would have it, met his man in the beaten trail, gun in hand, looking for a prairie chicken. Jack Hourie—that was the Deputy's name—jumped out of the buggy, thrust the paper under his nose, and took him in the Queen's name. He was about to suggest a way of unlawfully evading the arrest when the old man made an unfortunate remark.

"But, my dear sir," he said, "I really can't come with you just now. I must go and get my brushes and things first—if you'll permit me."

Jack Hourie was one of the old-fangled Westerners who, as they say in Saskatchewan, will wash only in the waters of Red River—which is a safe five hundred miles away. The allusion to toilet necessities, for which he had little or no use, seemed a covert sarcasm; the more so as it was uttered in the "chippy" accent which the rough, tough Westerner looks on as a sign of the Englishman's meagreness of soul. "B'gosh, you'll leave your brushes and things behind," he snarled out, "and you'll climb up into the buggy good and quick, or, old as you be, you'll walk to town behind—with the dawg. The folk down here don't want you round no more sparkin' their girls—no, siree!" Afterwards he repented of his speech and was polite so far as he knew. But he could get no answer from the bewildered old man.

A week after the Captain's death Kinkometta and her mother arrived at the "Mission," and drove up to the barracks, where they had arranged to stay over-night as the Superintendent's guests. There was a great gathering at tea-time of the Old People—by which is meant the posterity of Hudson Bay officers and the few who were admitted into Saskatchewan society on the days before the immigration began—and the tale of Kinkometta's ball at Government House was told and re-told proudly. Among the aristocracy of the Swift-flowing River the girl's mother was treated as a well-meaning interloper; she was allowed only to partake of the conversation, Cree being spoken across her whenever secrets not suitable for an English stranger were touched on. But Kinkometta, as Mrs. McKay of Cumberland Hill remarked, was "one of us in all respects," and so soon as the girl had uttered a word or two of the privy language, to show that she had not lost pride in her prairie blood, that great old lady took her to her capacious jet-beaded bosom, and

all the other grave nid-nodding ladies of the days before the Rebellion petted her finely. Little did they think that they would be holding up their hands over her before the evening was out.

When the names of eligible young Scots (such as a young clerk at the Hudson Bay post at Candle Lake, the junior Inspector at Fort Saskatchewan, and so forth) were used as exclamation points or marks of interrogation in the buzz of talk, Kinkometta—for there was no other girl in the room—thought it convenient to retire. She slipped out of the house, across the Superintendent's parsley bed, and went to look at the horses in the big stable. Corporal Latter was there mending his saddle, and he thanked his kind stars he was off duty. As she looked and talked to the horses he gave her the news of town and countryside; finally she heard for the first time the story of how and why her old friend would not welcome her back to Mistowasis. "She took it quiet at first," he afterwards told a friend, "and asked me a ter'ble number of questions and would not rest until she had all the names and knew where the Deputy was boardin'—at Nugent's Hotel. I tried to head her off, sure. But she ain't that make of a girl; the old fur-trader's a bit of a lawyer, as well he need be, an' she's her father's daughter. Quiet-like she took it at first—but at the end she was pantin', though there was no flush on her face that I could see. Maybe the stable was dark—but b'gosh, her look somehow called to mind Mekasto, the wicked Injun you and me took down at One Arrow's Reserve last Fall. Why, yes, she seemed jest to be pumpin' up her war-spirit—for all that she's only one cent in the dollar Injun. Last of all she asks for a horse, and what could I do but offer mine, and also my short whip, and your Mexican saddle, mine being damaged. I put the saddle on and led the horse out into the square, an' b'gosh! she was on the hurricane deck (and Belzy can kick and ain't ever before been handled by a lady, as you know) and off and out of the square before the sparks had stopped flying."

In the cool of the evening the Deputy-Sheriff sat among friends on the steps of Nugent's Hotel and smoked his pipe. He had had his evening meal, and a long horn of rye whiskey; at peace with all the world, and even with himself, he contemplated the colors of the sunset's gold in the gliding levels of the magnanimous river. Nearer and nearer in the after-dinner silence came the noise of the galloping of a horse, but he heard it not. Even the grating of chair-legs on the platform, and a sudden exclamation from a man sitting next on his left (the side from which sounds have the highest value for us), did not wake him from his meditation. Then came a clear silvery utterance, falling as from a great height above him: "Stand out, Jake Hourie!" Mechanically he arose and slowly advanced to the edge of the platform. The mists of meditation cleared away—the figure of a white-faced girl on a great black horse rushed on him out of the twilight of the day, out of the dimness of his meditation. A long jet-black curl lay along her cheek and curved across her shoulder, strangely enhancing the bloodless pallor of her face. Her eyes blazed with black fire; high above her head she held the short heavy whip in a steady hand. Instinctively he lifted his arm to guard himself. Then as the blow was withheld and he dimly began to understand, his arm fell to his side. But still the blow was withheld. The wrath died out of the girl's eyes; the whip was lowered; her face softened, flushed, was suddenly averted. The further hand pulled the reins, the great horse wheeled at the sign; horse and rider vanished as swiftly as they came. Seldom does will issue in action with

those of mingled race—or, it may be, there was a kindlier reason. The diminuendo of the rider's departure had all but passed away when Jake, with a grim, frowning face, turned and walked in through the doorway. Nugent was standing there. "Wa-al, Jake," he said as the other passed, "I did think she was going to cut your face in half." Jake stopped and looked him up and down.

"By God," he said, "and why not? Stand aside!"

IV.

Here we are at the end of the story, for all save two or three in the world. It is not necessary to record the gossip of the Old People—their hands were uplifted in amazement rather than indignation—or to pry into the explanation between the girl and her mother. But in order that Kinkometta may be known through and through and freely forgiven, if forgiveness is the word, the veil must be drawn from the last scene of all. Heaven knows why the old poet did not make that the subject of a poem. No doubt the reason why is—that he was too old to trust himself with it.

After all, it was Jake Hourie who helped this ineffectual maiden to the means of expiation. The Captain's letter was addressed to him, and since he had been denied the atonement of a lash across the face, he was careful to fulfil its request. Jake Hourie, as requested, took the old soldier's most valuable possession, carefully packed it, and saw that the parcel was sent to Mistowasis and safely delivered into Kinkometta's hands. Then in his capacity of Deputy-Sheriff he credited the Captain's one creditor with a sum sufficient to pay him in full. It was not enough to atone for being the dupe of mean-minded men, or for his own littleness towards the dead. But it was good earnest of penitence, and should buy his discharge from the reader's contempt.

In the Factor's house at Mistowasis—the oldest house between streams—was a quaint little chamber above the porch, for all the world like a nice boy's room, and that was Kinkometta's bedchamber. On the night of the day when she received Hourie's parcel she went to bed early—two hours before her mother, who held it a housewife's duty to make up household accounts on one particular night in the week. Something in the girl's look—the glimmer of some new purpose—had puzzled the mother. Moreover, she had been deprived of the much-loved task of brushing the girl's hair and weaving it into coils, and of stealing a shy kiss or two during the service, for she was truly half afraid of her tall inscrutable child, and seldom dared to caress her except when she was in her nightdress and looked frail and childish, as will the stateliest of maidens when disrobed. So that this poor, shy mother, when bedtime came for her, stopped at her daughter's door, listened for the equable sound of breathing, could not hear it for the throbbing of her naughty heart, and finally—with a strange small sweet sense of guilt—opened the door quietly and entered. Then the candle nearly fell from her trembling hand.

For as she entered it seemed that a bright silvery flame ran down the bed and vanished suddenly. She moved the candle in her bewilderment, and yet again the silvery flame startled her eyes.

A naked sword lay along the narrow white bed. The hilt was at the girl's chin as she slept on her right side, the silver-gleaming blade lay on her half-disclosed breast, the point was at her feet. One arm, from which the sleeve had fallen away, crossed the living steel. The edge had cut it slightly, and there was a fleck of crimson on the counterpane below.

With her heart beating wildly the poor English mother looked into her dread daughter's face. The eyes were sweetly closed under the disparted night of her hair; she breathed in a sweet equanimity. The mother touched the steel here and there with a trembling finger; it was cold, so cold, even where it lay in her bosom. There was no danger; she would sleep, as was her habit, without stirring till morning. But seeing the fleck of crimson the mother's tears began to fall. With steady hands and infinite care she fell to extricating the sword. There was a name and an inscription of honor at the beginning of the blade.

As she worked she had a glimpse of the meaning of the thing. She understood, though she could not for many a day find words for it—that the sword and her girl were wedded lovers; that the hero-maiden was the bride of the symbol of all earthly heroism. But she did not and never could understand how the chill of the steel and the little wound had been welcomed as expiation for a month's forgetfulness of a friend. She did not know that the Indian soul courted pain—even the pain of death in a prairie-rose of fire—as the best of life's opportunities. Yet there is the key to the heart of Kinkometta.

E. B. Osborn.

The Monthly Review.

A CENTURY OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

If there is one point on which an unbiased opinion is more than commonly difficult to arrive at, it is the intrinsic merit of children's books. Wherever the subject is being discussed, men and women—very often those from whom it would be least expected—will be found to swear by some particular writer; it may be Miss Yonge, or Captain Marryat, or Mrs. Sherwood; and on inquiry it will appear that, in each case, their faith is pinned to the author on whose works they happen to have been brought up. No child's book, read for the first time in later life, can possibly stand a fair chance in comparison. Our attitude towards what we read is so entirely changed; there is all the difference between surveying a country from a height and exploring it in detail. We may have our own views as to style and construction; but scarcely one adult reader in a hundred can speak with certainty of how a story, or any given piece of writing, will impress a child.

The modern critic, wishing for a reliable judgment, turns naturally to the children themselves. Interviews and letters are published, all quoting the opinion of authorities between the ages of eight and fourteen, as though their verdict were beyond appeal. Nothing could be more reasonable; that is, from a strictly modern point of view. A child of ten *is* a better judge of what is attractive to children than the most accomplished man of letters. The critic, if he has moved with the times, will make it his business to find out what is attractive, and will ask no further. But a more complete departure from the original intent of children's stories it would be impossible to imagine. Time was when the story was merely a cloak, at best a thin one, for the moral; its engaging qualities served as means to an end, not as the reason for its existence. The standard, principle, or ideal was always unflinching, and everything else must be moulded to it. Now the ideal must be moulded to suit the child. Everything has to give way before the infallible instincts of childhood; it is the unfortunate outside influence which is looked on with suspicion.

The writers of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries showed no such inclination to shirk their responsibilities. It would be what Mr. Pepys might have called "pretty to see" the dismay of Mrs. Sherwood, Mrs. Trimmer, and their contemporaries, on being told that children were the best judges of what was good for them in literature. They would as soon have thought of allowing a child to choose its own supper, or its own bed-time! Observe their edifying title-pages: *The Liliputian Magazine*—published before 1801—"contains what is whimsical, witty, and moral"; but even in the most frivolous passages, it is still "calculated to entertain *and improve* the minds of youth of both sexes." Then we have *The Looking-glass for the Mind; or, the Intellectual Mirror*, with woodcuts by Bewick, published in 1792; also *Town and Country Tales, intended for the Amusement and Moral Instruction of Youth;* and whole legions of others, each one more brazenly didactic than the last. Captain Marryat was two generations at least before his time, when he announced, in the preface to *Masterman Ready*, that "he would take the opinion of the children on his work sooner than that of the critics"; and even he adds that his idea is "as the work advances, to enter more deeply into questions which may induce children to think; or, by raising their curiosity, stimulate them to seek for information." As late as 1853 Captain Mayne Reid reaches this magnificent climax on the opening page of *The Boy Hunters:*

For the boy readers of England and America this book has been written, and to them it is dedicated. That it may interest them, so as to rival in their affections the top, the ball, and the kite; that it may impress them so as to create a taste for that most refining study, the study of nature; that it may benefit them by begetting a fondness for books—the antidotes of idleness and vice—has been the design, as it is the sincere wish, of their friend, the Author.

Incredible as it may seem, it is only fair to add that *The Boy Hunters* are deservedly popular with "boy readers" to this day. But then the author is so considerate in the heading of his instructive chapters. He boldly names them "The Food of the Silkworm," or "More Talk about Vultures," so that they may easily be avoided by the least discerning reader.

The most obvious result of all this instructing and improving is that the writers of to-day indignantly deny any pretensions to instruct at all; while to speak of a book as "improving" is a deadly insult. If any one is to be in the position of a pupil it is the author, not the child. This plan might be simple enough, if an author had only to say that he did not wish to instruct a child in order to prevent it from learning. The fact, however, remains that most children do learn something, consciously or unconsciously, from everything that they read. Their minds are in such a receptive state that the author who writes for children finds himself a teacher whether he likes it or not. It is of no use for him to say that he does not mean to hold up an ideal. If children are amused by a book, the chances are always that they will found their ideals upon it, quite regardless of the writer's intentions. The models thus held up to the youth of the last hundred years may be divided, roughly, into three classes. First we are shown, the child instructed. However blameless the Georgian infant might be, the papa and mamma were always wiser and better. Secondly, we have the child as a reformer; a very terrible variety, chiefly imported from America. Last of all comes the child as a psychological study; considered from an interested, but perfectly irresponsible point of view, as a being com-

plete in itself, not, as it has been said, "an adult in the making."

The earliest type of ideal heroine offered to children in fiction scarcely needs an introduction. Her characteristics are summed up in the following quatrain—one of those in which her praise was originally sung:

Maria so attentive grew,
So thoughtful and polite,
Her friends admired, and loved her too,
For *all* she did was right.

Poor Maria, with all the Matildas, Fannys, and Sophys who follow in her train, meets with scanty respect in these days. She has been edited up to date, and produced as a curiosity, and the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of her contemporaries make merry over her. Soon came the era of Mrs. Sherwood and Miss Edgeworth, and the impossibly perfect child appears side by side with slightly more human characters. Rosamond and the little Fairchilds do not represent the ideal in their own persons; it is held up to them, and with what unfailing zeal, by their parents! They are fellow sufferers rather than examples. For sheer want of feeling the Edgeworthian parent is perhaps most conspicuous. The tragedy of Rosamond and the purple jar has passed into proverb. Every one knows the outline of the story: how Rosamond, at the mature age of seven, allowed her æsthetic tastes to get the better of her judgment, and begged to be given the purple jar from a chemist's window, rather than a new pair of shoes. Her mamma's almost fiendish satisfaction, when the jar is brought home and the horrible fact is revealed that the color depends upon the liquid inside it, still deserves to be quoted. It gives a very fair idea of the relations between parent and child, about the year 1820.

"Oh, dear mother," cried Rosamond as soon as she had taken off the top, "there's something dark in it! I didn't want this black stuff?"

"Nor I neither, my dear."

"But what shall I do with it, mamma?"

"That I cannot tell."

"But it will be of no use to me, mamma."

"That I cannot help."

"But I must pour it out and fill the jar with water."

"That's as you please, my dear."

"Will you lend me a bowl to pour it into, mamma?"

"That was more than I promised you, my dear; but I will lend you a bowl."

This kind of dialogue is kept up for some time; at last poor Rosamond, in despair, exclaims:

"Mamma, I'll give you the flower-pot back again, and that purple stuff and all, if you'll only give me the shoes."

"No, Rosamond, you must abide by your own choice; and now the best thing you can possibly do is to bear your disappointment with good humor."

"I will bear it as well as I can," said Rosamond wiping her eyes.

Nor was that all. As the result of "her imprudent choice" she wore her old shoes, which were not even water-tight, for a whole month before she was allowed another pair. Fifty years later any child so treated would have contracted pneumonia in self-defence. Rosamond was evidently too much crushed for such a revenge, and only concludes, with unconscious pathos: "I am sure—no, not quite sure, but I hope —I shall be wiser another time."

Rosamond is really a very nice little girl; she is one of the few comparatively lifelike children in fiction before the time of Miss Yonge. Her weaknesses have made her far more popular than the dreadfully self-complacent "Frank," or than "Harry and Lucy," with their scientific papa, and their thermometers. But however much the merit of the stories may vary, the popular conception of good behavior

for children, so far, continues the same. If we study this conception at all in detail, it is easy to see which were considered the most essential virtues of childhood. To be a good child meant neither more nor less than to give as little trouble as possible to your elders. Obedience, politeness, diligence, absolute truthfulness—all the good points most valuable in a dependent—are perpetually exalted. The more emotional qualities, such as courage, warm-heartedness, generosity—not the ostentatious sharing of cakes, and giving of pence to beggars—but real generosity of mind; all these are scarcely recognized. Impulse of any kind was a thing to be dreaded, and kept in continual check. Children were unregenerate beings, little better than the horse and mule of the Psalmist; only held back by their parents' and teachers' influence from all kinds of evil practices. "If you have not done any very naughty thing lately," says Mrs. Fairchild to her daughter, Lucy, "it is not because there is any goodness or wisdom in you, but because your papa and I have been always with you, carefully watching and guiding you, from morning till night."

The Sherwood parents are more sensational in their methods, and far less healthy-minded, than their Edgeworthian contemporaries. To realize Miss Edgeworth's merits, and the sanity and temperance of her views, we have only to turn from Rosamond's surroundings, Spartan though they are, to the fearful experiences of Lucy, Emily, and Henry Fairchild. Rosamond's mamma is a most repellent person, hard-hearted, priggish, and unreasonable; but, at least, she has no morbid tendencies. She never works unduly on childish imaginations; she would not, like Mrs. Fairchild, have given her little daughter a book, "neatly bound in red leather," with the words, "Here, my dear, take this book and write in it every day the naughty things which pass in your heart." Nothing Miss Edgeworth ever wrote could be as grotesquely shocking to modern ideas as Mrs. Sherwood's chapter "On Death," where the three children, aged respectively eight, seven, and five, ask leave to go and see the dead body of "old John Roberts the gardener, who died yesterday." "Should you like to see the corpse, my dears?" asks Mr. Fairchild. "You never saw a corpse, I think?" "No, papa; we should like to see one." "I tell you beforehand, my dear children, that death is very terrible. A corpse is an awful sight." "I know that, papa," answered Lucy, "but we should like to go." The parent, rather edified than otherwise, consents, and further improves the occasion by adding, "You, Lucy and Emily, come and take a turn with me on the grass-plot before dinner, and we will have a little discourse on the subject of death."

It seems, indeed as though there were no limit to the unwholesome theories contained in this extraordinary book. Notwithstanding her fatuous remarks, through the medium of Mrs. Fairchild, on parental influence, Mrs. Sherwood is responsible for one of the earliest cases of a "ministering child" introduced into a book for children. As a rule, the best known examples of a "ministering" class do not rank as children's ideals. No one supposes *Dombey and Son*, or *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, to have been written for the schoolroom; that they should ever have been read by children is certainly not the author's fault. Mrs. Sherwood has no such excuse for allowing Mrs. Fairchild to read aloud the story of "little Henrie," a twelve-year-old missionary who converts his relations to the Waldensian faith. "Henrie"—whose name is always, for some unexplained reason, spelt with a final "e"—had his unfortunate parents entirely at his mercy, for the whole family were shut up together in prison, owing to the father's

connection with a treasonable plot. Here he reads the Bible aloud to them, "choosing first the parts which showed man's utter wickedness." When his mother complains at being imprisoned on her husband's account, he reminds her that "we are all sinners." It must be admitted that, for a pioneer, "Henrie's" creator shows a remarkable assurance in her methods. He could not have shown himself more completely master of the situation if he had been brought up on *Melbourne House* and Miss Farquarson's "Elsie" series. The story concludes with a prayer, full of fire and brimstone, "to be used by a child on behalf of unbelieving and ungodly friends and relations."

Thus the second phase, that of the child as reformer, was inaugurated. "Henrie's" successors, we may state with patriotic pride, did not, for the most part originate in this country. Certain attempts were made, no doubt, to turn the tables on the stern parent; witness such productions as Miss Aguilar's *Home Influence* and *The Mother's Recompense*. Not one has had any lasting success. The histories of Ellen Montgomery and "Fleda" were largely imported and eagerly read by English children; but they could not check the steady stream of home-grown literature. Miss Fraser-Tytler's three volumes of *Leila*, Miss Sinclair's *Holiday House*, Miss Mozley's *Fairy Bower*, all help to make an unbroken chain from Miss Edgeworth down to Miss Yonge, and in all of them the parent or guardian is loyally upheld. The ministering child "has no jurisdiction in this realm of England." To find the true sphere of infant missionaries, and humbled repentant parents, we must cross to the other side of the Atlantic. If dialogues could be imagined between characters in fiction, taken from different authors, we should like to suggest an encounter between, let us say, Rosamond's mamma, and some young social arbitrator of the "Daisy Randolph" or "Elsie Dinsmore" type. Elsie's reputation is more local than that of some other heroines of the same class; many English children may never have heard of her; but in her own country she is the subject of a whole library. "The Elsie Books" number something over twenty, all of which, we are told, have enjoyed immense popularity, and been through several editions. They open when Elsie herself is eight years old. Time and strength will probably fail a good many readers by the end of the first volume, but a list of titles, which includes *Elsie's Widowhood* and *Christmas with Grandma Elsie*, gives some idea of the comprehensiveness of the series. It would be difficult to say at what moment of her career the eight-year-old Elsie is most obnoxious. There is the occasion when she is scolded—need we add, unjustly?—by a hard-hearted governess, and in answer "draws a well-worn Bible from her desk"; or when she mildly but firmly refuses to tell one of the other children a fairy-story on Sunday: "I offered to tell her a Bible-story instead, or anything suitable for the Sabbath day." Perhaps her greatest achievement is when her father asks her for a song, which, though harmless in itself, she chooses to consider "unfit for the Sabbath"; so she sits at the piano, bathed in tears, and quoting Scripture at any of the company who venture to come near her. At last she falls unconscious from her chair, and strikes her head, just one half-inch from a fatal spot. Her father's abject apologies last through a whole chapter. In her lighter moments, this youthful martyr flirts precociously with grown-up visitors, answering their compliments with dreadful promptitude and "an arch smile." Really, Mrs. Crabtree from *Holiday House*, in her most dragon-like temper, would be better fitted to cope with such a child than any mother, even Rosamond's.

The English children of fiction certainly have the advantage in filial duty. It would not, we hope, be easy to find a parallel to Elsie. But, however submissive they might be towards their parents, nothing could be more sublimely Pharisaical than the behavior of these same English children towards each other. Such was once the ascendency of the aggressively virtuous child that even Marryat, moved by a stern sense of duty, felt the Seagrave family to be incomplete without "little Caroline." "Billy never butts at *me*, mamma," says this charming child, when the goat has just knocked her brother down. "No, my dear, because you do not tease him." Both Caroline and her mother are obvious concessions to public opinion. They are of no use to the story, or, for that matter, to any one in it; they might just as well have been drowned in the wreck, at the beginning of the first volume. The author of *Poor Jack* and *Peter Simple* was not the man to be taken in by Caroline. He knew what was expected of him, and had not the strength of mind to dismiss her altogether; but he must have been perfectly aware that he was describing preposterous types; Caroline with her sententious little remarks, and Mrs. Seagrave, who can do nothing but exclaim "Merciful Heavens!" on an emergency. His *Children of the New Forest* are better off. Mrs. Beverley is safely disposed of before the story opens, and the children are handed over to the old forester, Jacob Armitage, who brings them up much more sensibly than a mother invented by Marryat could ever have done. That such a writer should ever have been guilty of producing a Caroline Seagrave, only shows how convention may triumph over real insight into character. Until the later 'fifties there was absolutely no other recognized method of presenting a well-behaved child. The particular kind of goodness in one child which provokes a frantic wish to be naughty in others had not been analyzed. It may be that writers were not aware of it; or, what is more probable, they may have thought it dangerous to admit its existence. An obedient, conscientious boy or girl, they would say, ought always to have a good influence. The inconsistency of human nature troubled them not at all. We read in a volume of *Magnet Stories* how one "Lucius," aged fifteen, was attacked by an unprincipled cousin, and "raised his hand to return the blow. Anna and Sophy (his sisters) flung themselves before him, and with one breath exclaimed, 'Dear Lucius, remember!' 'You are right,' said he, recovering his outward composure." As if any boy, even though his name were Lucius, would have supported such treatment for a single instant! With the second half of the century an author arose who not only realized how Lucius would have acted under the circumstances, but was not afraid to say so. This was Charlotte Yonge. She it was, who, while second to none in pointing a moral, instituted a new era—an era of realism—in children's literature.

Perhaps some people will feel astonishment on hearing Miss Yonge mentioned as one of the earliest and keenest discriminators between the genuine good child and the prig. To these we would answer that, either they have not read her works at all, or else they judge her entirely from her best known and certainly her less deserving works; such as *The Heir of Redclyffe*, and other novels which she intended for grown-up readers. They may remember Guy Morville who, at seventeen, defined happiness as "gleams from a brighter world, too soon eclipsed or forfeited"; or Felix Underwood; or Margaret May, whose presence is a blot upon the "Daisy Chain." For the sad truth is, that, when she is not writing of or for children, Miss Yonge's sense

of humor, and her clear-sightedness, unaccountably leave her; so that whereas her good children are, as a rule, not only good, but attractive, her good young men and women over the age of sixteen, or thereabouts are of a priggishness that absolutely beggars description. Fortunately, the works which treat of these depressing young persons do not belong to the present discussion at all. They may have been banished from the library to the schoolroom; but that does not alter the fact that they were once looked on as representative society novels; very successful ones, too. The Miss Yonge now under consideration is not the Miss Yonge of *The Heir of Redclyffe, Heartease,* and *The Clever Woman of the Family;* but of *The Little Duke, The Stokesley Secret* and *Countess Kate.* Here we have the real schoolroom classics, and, like all true classics, they defy the marks of time. The two first especially, are, in all essentials, as fresh as when they were first written, and as irresistible to any right-minded child. *The Stokesley Secret* is indeed a remarkable work, if we take into consideration the time at which it was written, 1860 or thereabouts, and the average quality of children's stories at that date. The characters in the story are a family of seven children, ranging in age from two to thirteen; their sailor father, and their governess. Nothing could be simpler than the plot. The skill lies in the characters revealed by the children, each of whom is perfectly individual and human, and drawn without any exaggeration, either of good or evil. All Miss Yonge's children have faults; the difference between good and bad lies in the amount of effort they make to overcome their faults. The triumph of realism is the "good boy" —Sam—who, having been introduced as naturally gruff and backward, continues so to the end, instead of developing a fine flow of eloquence at convenient moments, as was usual for boys of his age—in fiction. One short specimen of conversation will serve as an example. Sam's great ambition is to go to sea. The chance of a nomination arrives, just when his more ready-witted brother happens to be in disgrace; it is offered to Sam, who would ask nothing better than to accept it, but does not like the idea that he is taking advantage of the occasion to cut his brother out. So, in answer to his father's question, he can only

grow very red in the face, look down, and twirl the button of his sleeve. He certainly was not a gracious boy, for all he said was in a gruff, hoarse voice, without even thanks, "Not if it is for this."

"For this! What do you mean, Sam?"

"Not if it is to punish Hal," said Sam, with another effort.

"That is not the question. Do you wish it?"

Sam hung his head—and, after all, his voice sounded sulky as he said, "Yes."

Of course, the father is annoyed that his son can show no more alacrity, and, though everything comes right in the end, that particular interview is a failure. In a modern story all this would be natural enough; but in the 'fifties or 'sixties what courage it required not to let Sam be fluently grateful, with a father fully entering into his feelings! What a contrast between the downright behavior of Sam and his brothers and sisters, and the elegance—there is positively no other word for it—of Miss Sewell's little girls; her Amy Herbert and Blanche Evelyn, with their tears and their ringlets, living in a world of "lordly mansions" and "rose-covered cottages." Miss Sewell never writes about boys; and, indeed, it is hard to imagine a creature more grievously out of place than a real boy would be in any of her stories.

The school of Miss Yonge, for such

it may fairly be called, introduced certain influences which are felt in children's literature to this day. Perhaps they are not those which she would most have wished to be permanent, for her truest followers are not those who keep closest to her sectarian teaching. They are those who have written sympathetically and, above all truthfully of boys and girls, with a view of helping them in their ordinary every-day troubles and difficulties; not, as in the case of some later authors, merely to show off their own surprising penetration. Once children begin to live in fiction, as they have done during the last forty years, the only drawback to giving examples is the *embarras de richesses*. Many of Miss Yonge's and Mrs. Ewing's children are quite charming; so are some—though by no means all—of Mrs. Molesworth's, and the little seventeenth-century heroines of "M. and C. Lee." If there was novelty in presenting the children of to-day as individuals rather than types, there was still greater originality in applying the same method to the children of past ages. The historical story-book came gradually into vogue during the last half of the nineteenth century, and here again Miss Yonge is a leading light. Much of her later work is hopelessly disfigured, from a literary point of view, not only by archaic mannerisms, but also by a habit of making all her favorite characters, of whatever nation or period, talk and act on sound Church of England principles. In her earlier writings these peculiarities have not had time to crystallize. *The Little Duke*, the story of Richard, Duke of Normandy, is an almost perfect example of the class to which it belongs. Here, in contrast to *The Stokesley Secret*, are exciting incidents enough. Richard succeeds to the Dukedom at the age of eight; he is kidnapped by the French King, imprisoned in the castle of Laon, and helped to escape by an admirable and resourceful Norman squire. Richard is a most attractive and life-like little boy, in spite of his shortcomings, which are those common to all children, whether they live in the tenth century, as he did, or in the twentieth. When he makes his first appearance at the French Court, the Duke's behavior is certainly regrettable, but none the less true to nature.

> The Queen looked round as Richard was announced, and he saw her face which was sallow, and with a sharp, sour expression that did not please him and he backed, and looked reluctant, while Osmond, with a warning hand pressed on his shoulder, was trying to remind him that he ought to go forward, kneel on one knee, and kiss her hand.
>
> "I tell you I will not," said Richard. "She looks cross, and I do not like her."

Nor could he ever be persuaded to do it; although, as the author does not fail to observe, "it was a determination made in pride and defiance, and he suffered for it afterwards." Every child knows exactly how Richard felt, although, in his case, the admonishing hand belonged to an armed squire instead of to a nursery governess.

Enough has been said to show that Miss Yonge, with all her kindly knowledge of childish feelings, never lets down the standard of good conduct to meet the child half-way. In fact, her strongest point as a teacher is a gift for stripping off any glamor of heroism or importance attaching to naughtiness. The really naughty children in her books — such as Ada in *Scenes and Characters*, or John Merrifield in *The Stokesley Secret* — are shown to be, not awe-inspiring, but contemptible, and altogether at a disadvantage. It is scarcely necessary to add that, if moral influence is the object, one such story as her *Leonard the Lion-heart*, where the ill-behaved child is made to

appear thoroughly ridiculous, is worth any amount of preaching. Miss Yonge is no less strict than Miss Edgeworth, though she may be less stern, in marking the difference between good behavior and bad. It was her method of enforcing her views which was an innovation.

The actual suppression of the moral as a leading feature has only taken place within the last ten or fifteen years. It was largely brought about by the habit, already referred to, of turning the average commonplace child into an elaborate psychological study. Whatever tends to mould all children on the same pattern must diminish their psychological interest at the moment, however much it may be for their ultimate good. Perhaps it is only fair that the naughty children should have their turn of popularity at last. "Obedience," we are told by an American writer, is "a barbaric survival," springing from the parents' wish to extend their power; it "has a bad effect on the growing mind." Possibly the thought has occurred to a good many readers that the most ardent admirers of the picturesquely naughty child have gained the greater part of their experience from print, and that a few hours of personal intercourse might produce some arguments in favor of barbaric obedience. Not that the idea of a high-spirited, law-defying hero or heroine is, in itself, particularly new. The first writer to put forward boldly the charm and interest of the undisciplined child was Miss Catherine Sinclair, in *Holiday House*, as long ago as 1838. Every one who has ever made their acquaintance will remember Harry and Laura Graham, and how, until those later deplorable chapters, they were as cheerfully and ingeniously sinful as any twentieth-century theorist could wish. Still—and this is a most important point—it is not the mere fact of their naughtiness which makes them attractive. Miss Sinclair allows Harry and Laura an amazing faculty for getting into mischief, in order to make them amusing; but to make them engaging she gives them several other qualities as well. These children, she tells us, "intended no harm; for they were only heedless, lively romps, who would not for twenty worlds have told a lie, or done a shabby thing, or taken what did not belong to them." Neither, we trust, would the children held up for admiration at the present time. It is not too much to say that they would be very much more to blame for any of these offences than their predecessors. Their temptations are quite different. The prospect of one of Mrs. Fairchild's lectures would have made the most stout-hearted child deceitful from mere terror. No modern little girl would enter into the feelings of Miss Sewell's Madeline Clifford and Alice Lennox who practised untold cunning for the sake of a box of chocolates and a sash; a green ribbon spotted with white! We all know that the abnormally good child is a repulsive and unnatural little being; so unnatural indeed, that there is not much fear of the type ever becoming common. Even supposing that a child of to-day was in the least likely to wish to emulate the ideal of fifty years ago, the effort would be far too great. But the other extreme is so easily reached. "Oh, I don't like good children; I like naughty children much the best!" This is an observation we have all heard made, and made, as likely as not, in the presence of two or three chilren, who are listening with all their ears. Result: a child of some years' experience in the schoolroom has been heard to answer a visitor triumphantly, "Oh yes, I've had two or three governesses; but none of my governesses can manage me." Such a remark is not much less objectionable than downright old-fashioned priggishness. It *is* priggishness, in fact,

only of a newer and less recognized sort; it expresses an aggressive consciousness of superiority, just as plainly as did the utterances of Caroline and Selina in the 'fifties.

The attitude it represents is partly due to a natural reaction. It is also the result of the all-pervading modern theory that children's instincts are a sure guide to what is best, in literature as in everything else. There follows, on the part of most writers, an unconcealed effort to please which can only be described as slavish. The ideal they hold up is that which requires least discipline, is most free from acquired qualities, and can be attained by children with the least effort to themselves. It seems, in short, as though the child were in future to become its own ideal; the more the natural characteristics of childhood are developed, the more do the critics admire. Mrs. Nesbit's really delightful stories of *The Treasure Seekers* and *The Would-be Goods* show a decided tendency towards this state of mind. Her grown-up people are evidently so anxious for a good word from their critical young friends. "Mrs. Bax taught us eleven new games," writes the child who is supposed to be telling the story, "and only four of the new games were rotters. How seldom can one say as much for the games of a grown-up, however gifted." Such condescension was not lightly earned; for this devoted lady had also "taken us out in a sailing-boat and in a motor-car, and had given us sweets every day." The six children who play the principal parts in these stories are typically modern in other respects as well, and a thoroughly pleasant, amusing family they are. We are most grateful to Mrs. Nesbit for their acquaintance; she has drawn them in the newest photographic style, whose motto is, "I teach nothing, I relate."

What we have yet to learn is any conclusive reason why this passion for the real should of necessity oust the ideal so completely. Is no compromise possible? The ideal in the abstract is, as we know, "the highest and best conceivable; the perfect, as opposed to the real, the imperfect." The real, the imperfect, is very agreeable to read about and very harmless too, whatever our great-grandmothers may have thought, so long as there is no danger of its being mistaken for anything else. As a substitute for the ideal we cannot help feeling that there may be a danger of its proving inadequate.

Eveline C. Godley.

The National Review.

NATURE STUDY AND MODERN VERSE.

The fashion of the day is for getting out of doors, and those on the doorstep, as it were, are grateful for a guide. Some such reason perhaps accounts for the popularity of writers like Richard Jefferies, who makes dreary enough reading to certain of his countrymen, but who has given an extraordinary amount of pleasure to others. Sir Walter Besant, for instance, could hardly find words to express the debt he felt he owed to the author of the "Pageant of Summer"; others cannot find much more in it than a string of detail, poured out adjective after adjective, nothing omitted, nothing that is not taken down, so to speak, in shorthand on the spot and neatly copied out in longhand elsewhere. Possibly the same audience which was enthusiastic over Jefferies will also welcome a little book of essays, "Nature Knowledge in Modern Poetry," which has just been published by Mr. Alexander Mackie (Long-

mans and Co., 2s. 6d net). The title is a little too comprehensive, for the "modern poetry" is limited to the work of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, and Lowell. The author would have been better advised, perhaps, to confine himself to the first three, who might be treated as a group naturally and easily, and without leaving open the question of where to draw the line. If you admit Lowell into the comparison, it is difficult to exclude half-a-dozen more,—both the Brownings, for instance, Jean Ingelow, Clough, and Henley are full of "Nature knowledge." Still, with the four it is possible to make up a pleasant enough volume of quotations.

Of the three English poets, which would be generally admitted to possess the largest amount of "Nature knowledge"? It is not a very satisfactory phrase, but the meaning at least is clear. The admirer of Richard Jefferies, no doubt, would put Tennyson first. Of all English poets, he is the most minute and exact in his references to birds and trees and flowers, insects and stones and fossils. Generic descriptions are never enough for him; he jewels his verses with particulars, studs his lines with tiny, careful phrasing. In that respect no other English poet equals him. If he and Wordsworth together had stood on a hill above some valley of woods, and heard the birds wake on a morning in April or May, to both poets there would have thrilled up the hill the same wonderful, wild, tumultuous shout of singing, unlike any other sound to be heard by day or night in England. But Wordsworth, although he would have drunk in the glory of the sound, though the insistent echo of the singing would have "haunted him like a passion," would have written of it afterwards as the song of "the birds." To Tennyson "the birds" would not be enough. He would have picked out the high clarions of the thrush and missel-thrush, the hurrying twitter of the finches, the richer melody of the blackbird, and the small piccolo of the robin. His "Throstle" is, indeed, the song of the thrush as he heard it:—

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it,
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
Yes, my wild little poet.

His eyes would have been open for the tiniest change of tint in the budding trees. The color of the buds of trees always fascinated him.

"More black than ash-buds in the front of March,"

is a comparison typical of his keen eye for detail; and has a more brilliant descriptive line been written of an English wood in April than the opening of the fourth part of "Maud"?—

"A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime."

"When rosy plumelets tuft the larch," is another line to be put beside it, with, perhaps, the opening of the "Progress of Spring":—

The groundflame of the crocus breaks the mould,
Fair Spring slides hither o'er the Southern Sea. . . .
Up leaps the lark, gone wild to welcome her,
About her glance the tits, and shriek the jays,
Before her skims the jubilant woodpecker,
The linnet's bosom blushes at her gaze,
While round her brows a woodland culver flits
Watching her large light eyes and gracious looks,
And in her open palm a halcyon sits
Patient—the secret splendor of the brook.

Or, last, take these lines from "The Two Voices":—

"To-day I saw the dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.

An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk: from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

He dried his wings: like gauze they grew;
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew,
A living flash of light he flew.

For pure beauty of coloring and choice of the sovereign word there is nothing in Wordsworth quite like the last two passages. Is there in Matthew Arnold? In writing of birds and flowers Arnold, perhaps, comes nearest to Tennyson in clearness and sureness of touch and vision. Take this picture, for instance, of a field lying in the hot white light of an August sun:—

Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep.

Or this of a scented garden:—

Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-william with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow.

But the likeness to Tennyson does not, or, rather, could not, run through the whole of Matthew Arnold's writing. Tennyson will probably live as a writer of lyrics: Matthew Arnold in essentials is an elegiac poet. He does not "pipe but as the linnets sing"; the impulse of his singing is a sad, high serenity of vision, not an urgent voice that must be heard. Suffused through and through with the quiet anthem of poets two thousand years in their graves, he is not urged to outbursts like the greatest lyric in "Maud." He hears Virgil in the anthem more clearly than Sappho, and as they came to Virgil, so his images of Nature tuning the song of her birds, or painting her woods and valleys, and sending the life of her creatures pulsing through the world come to him more readily as similes than as direct occasions for singing. He does not write a song to the swallow, but the image of swallows flits across his vision as he writes of the thin, trooping shades of the dead:—

And as the swallows crowd the bulrush beds
Of some clear river issuing from a lake,
On autumn days, before they cross the sea,
And to each bulrush crest a swallow hangs
Quivering, and others skim the river-streams,
And their quick twittering fills the banks and shores—
So around Hermod swarmed the twittering ghosts.

Not even Tennyson could be more exact in his detail, or fit more precisely the shining words into their proper frame. But is there not still something lacking, a haunting need of something stronger and greater and higher, in all these "Nature studies" of the two later poets? Is it that the exquisite details, the recurring grace-notes, prevent, hamper the sounding out of great master-chords that ring and remain? Is he permitted the highest vision of all whose eye falls so easily on the foreground? Wordsworth, who wrote and was satisfied with thousands of lines that Tennyson would have torn up, had not the eye to mark the detail that attracted Tennyson and Arnold. He did not notice the foreground, because he

was looking beyond. He was filled with

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

In that large vision, detail escapes him. He is even, occasionally, quaintly mistaken on matters of common knowledge, as when, for instance, he writes of a wren's nest—

The very nest
In which this child of spring was reared
Is warmed through winter by her feathery breast.

He mentions by name a dozen flowers where Tennyson and Arnold make charming use of a hundred. He noticed, perhaps, hardly more than three or four kinds of daffodils, whereas Tennyson, you feel, would almost have enjoyed making specimen verses out of the Latin names in a bulb-grower's catalogue. To that extent his "Nature knowledge" was deficient; but it is he who, of the three poets, is granted the purest vision in that unequalled poem of flowers, in which

They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

The Spectator.

THE BIRTH OF LITERATURE.

Literature—a word that means as little as any in the tongue—had the better of Art in the Royal Academy speeches on Monday. *"Ceci a tué cela,"* as the priest of Notre Dame said, pointing first to the printed book, then to the builded church; and the empty spaces of the Houses of Parliament, lamented by the President, are the blank symbol of the surrender of difficult art before the easy circulation of the written word. Mr. Kipling's theme made larger the gulf. He would have literature stand on the claim to be the record of the tribe's life. Has Art in England ever touched the life of the nation, unless it be in political cartoons? The thesis was bold; and if Mr. Kipling had been a trifle less vivid or humorous he would have had every artist and many men of letters at his throat. Or perhaps his allusiveness saved him. On this occasion, as often, he resembled a little the hero of his own "greatest story," the man with Viking recollections at the back of his head. He ran off into side tracks and modern instances just as the very secret of prehistoric life was on his lips.

Just when I seemed about to learn.
Where is the thread now? Off again!
The old trick!—

The trail that he began—"the old trail, the trail that is always new"—he did not attempt to run to a finish or even to the mouth of the lair. But he started real quarry, though the hunt was forgotten in camp-fire yarns about murdered orators and hunted jackals and chased grasshoppers.

Literature, of course, is a word scarcely worth using in these days. Like most general words, it has long ceased to carry any particular meaning,

though it has a comfortable sound and a good exterior. But if we can use it collectively of the best examples of the many forms of expressed thought that printing has called to being, it certainly is not what Mr. Kipling says it ought to be. We have travelled far since the fate of the masterless and apocryphal man of words who told the deeds of the abashed man of action. His most eminent successor, fulfilling the fear felt by "the destructive critics," was perhaps Thomas the Rimer, who could, in sooth, by the witchery of rhythm sing and fiddle knights and kings from earth to hell or hell to earth. The advent of a later and greater change was well expressed by Landor when he said of Wordsworth, with the praise due to a new and marvellous phenomenon, that "he would write a poem without the aid of war." The moment that history arrives at the poem written without the aid of war it has discovered a new sort of man and thing. Literature has a new meaning. Mr. Kipling's victim to his own verbosity is henceforth described as an orator, not a man of letters. His counterpart is the Welsh preacher with a mastery of the "hwyl," who has no superior in any age in the making words to run up and down the hearts of his hearers. But he is a man of words, not of the word; and the distinction, even if we do not consider the voice, is immeasurable. From him, or say from Tyrtaeus to Wordsworth is not a longer step than from Wordsworth to Mr. Kipling. Mr. Kipling, too, is a new thing in literature though he has attributes belonging to the tribal orator as well as to Wordsworth; and in this Academy speech he gave incidentally his own apologia and his own definition. His splendid, though dangerous achievement, is to have made the heart of journalism into literature. The newspaper, as now circulated, enables the world, for the first time, to feel the same feelings simultaneously. The momentum of this concentric emotion is a current of inspiration vastly stronger than has carried along any national bard in history. Think of it — fifty million dumb people over the circle of the earth waiting the word almost as intently as the little penned crowds below platforms which have inspired so many orators. The triumphant zest open, "why not to any one," of hallooing the word to which this vast assemblage is waiting to reverberate, should create a form of literature supreme in the nation's roll. So a man who has once and again spoken the expected word may feel. Mr. Kipling is the first essayer of what may be called permanent journalism. Of course many of the best things have made a first appearance in newspapers, but no one before has made the dominant note of journalism itself the distinctive quality of the thing that means to be permanent literature. The "Fleet-in-Being," the "Recessional," half the far-flung stories are the issue of a struggle to find the heart of permanence in the routine of the tribe's work. The special correspondent, if in the hurly-burly of particular skirmishes he can keep his eye on the creative spirit of Empire, may under the gift of the word write a tribal record which shall be honored as literature for ever. It is superfluous to take the bread out of the mouth of posterity by attempting to decide how much of Mr. Kipling's work will be accepted among the records; but at the lowest, in spite of leading articles in rhyme and music-hall doggerel, he has shown the thing to be possible and splendid.

Nevertheless

There are three and thirty ways
Of constructing tribal lays,
And—every—single—one—of—them—is—
right.

Mr. Kipling, to his honor, has found a new way, but his delight in it and de-

fence of it have brought him into the old Carlyle fallacy. "That a man," wrote Carlyle to Dr. Bennett, "has to bring out his gifts in word of any kind and not in silent divine actions, which alone are fit to express it well, seems to me a great misfortune for him." Or again, "Homer shall be thrice welcome, but only when Troy is taken." The point is rather that Troys are not taken save by force of the spirit from which the word is inseparable. Speech is the leafage that both feeds the tree and is the tree. Carlyle would dispense with the word, and Mr. Kipling make the word suit the action. Both wish to deify "silent divine actions." But "In the begining was the Word and the Word was God" is a truer gospel, and it may be quoted without lack of reverence away from its context. Thought is as silent as action; and "the sessions of sweet silent thought" are inseparable from their correlative, "the word." Mr. Kipling has acknowledged the thing himself — and with fine fervor — in his obeisance to "Romance":—

> Enough for me in dreams to see
> And touch thy garment's hem;
> Thy steps have trod so near to God
> I may not follow them.

Of course the origin of literature is not the inspiration of action. Speech, art in all forms — Academy pictures as well as the "frozen music" of Notre Dame — and action are all the proper product and marks of vitality of a particular created thing; and the botanists have decided that speech — not art or action — proclaims the genus and asserts the right of the tree to come at the head of the list. It is perfectly true that we are confronted at this point by an old difficulty which science shows no sign of surmounting. It often happens that the worst trees — "masterless men" — appear to have the best leaves. But part of the difficulty comes from a confusion of species. In Mr. Kipling's strangely assorted list we have four distinct species. The muzzy Scotsman, the despised German Jew, the condemned French thief, are three examples of the first — the poetic species, each with a strange burning vitality that killed itself in producing its nature from poor soil. Burns, Heine, and Villon might each claim with the Rabbi

> All I could never be,
> All, men ignored in me,
> This, I was worth—

They have next to nothing in common with the next species. If "the highest Admiralty official" is Pepys, his fineness belongs to curiosity rather than excellence. Bunyan, the tinker of Bedford gaol, alone of the six fulfils the test of "fitly representing his age"; and how can the abnormal luxuriance of Defoe, "the pamphleteering shopkeeper in London," be compared with poet or diarist or allegorist. In "the enduring literature" of all the six lies in some sort "the record of the tribe," but those that were least concerned "to wait upon the man of achievement and step by step with him tell the story to the tribe" are those who had the gift of the deathless word in the greatest force. In some way they were themselves the men of action, and their tale of the fight in their souls has been recognized both by the tribe and the other tribes as the true account. The word ever evades the man who fights vicariously or tells untruly, for

> Words may live and therefore they can die
> Chained to ill-use.

The same truth holds in the literature that Mr. Kipling stands for hardly less than in pure lyrical poetry. The permanence in it comes from personal mastery of thought and such a masterful — not "masterless" — wrestling with the word as made Jacob the type of spiritual conflict.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The stories in the daintily bound volume which Arthur Shearly Cripps names "Magic Casements" are all of the period of the Wars of the Roses, "their outlook upon a beautiful and restless England, their inlook upon her many-colored faith." Quaint tales of vigil, pilgrimage, bout or tryst, they are told with exquisite simplicity and delicacy and will give to many readers of quiet taste pleasure of unusual quality. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The return of the Prince and Princess of Wales from their journey to India has a natural sequence in fresh books on India by special correspondents and other writers. Among them are "A Vision of India" by Sidney Low: "Under the Sun" by Perceval Landon; "From Charing-cross to Delhi" by S. Parnell Kerr; and "The Tourist's India" by E. A. Reynolds-Ball.

Sydney H. Preston, the author of "The Abandoned Farmer" takes up rural themes again in his new book, "On Common Ground." Describing the experiences of a city man, disappointed in love, who meditates on the delights of agriculture abed in the middle of the forenoon while his farm work fares as might have been expected, it contains some shrewd satire and a number of amusing episodes, though the humor is not of even quality. The romance of the narrator himself, and of Joseph, his "hired man," run their parallel courses to the end of the book. Henry Holt & Co.

In "The District Attorney," William Sage draws the portrait of a young man of talent and force, educated by his father to succeed him in an enormous "trust," but led by his own scruples to abandon that career. Unexpectedly elected District Attorney by a spasmodic reform movement, it becomes his duty to expose the bribery practised at the City Hall in which his father himself, but for the adroitness with which he has put off that line of work onto others, would be found implicated. The chapters describing the election contest and the hunt for the criminal who has forfeited bail are particularly graphic. Little, Brown & Co.

William Allen White, whose clever skits have made the "Emporia Gazette" quoted the country over, adds another volume to the notable list of short stories published by McClure, Phillips & Co. "In Our Town" is a succession of sketches of a bustling Western town —presumably Emporia?—as seen from the editorial office of one of the two rival newspapers. "This is the material with which we do our day's work," says the editor—"Mail-Order Petrie, Marshal Furgeson, the pretty girls in the flower-parade, the wise club-women, the cut-glass society crowd, the proud owner of the automobile, the 'respectable parties concerned,' the proprietor of the Golden Eagle, the clerks in the Bee Hive, the country crook who aspires to be a professional criminal some day, the 'leading citizen' who spends much of his time seeing the sights of his country, the college boys who wear funny clothes and ribbons on their hats, and the politicians, greedy for free advertising." Mr. White has an almost equal command of humor and pathos, and whether he satirizes the aspirations of the club-woman or describes the return of the prodigal, he strikes unfailingly the right note. His book is a delightful one to read aloud.